

The Critic

ELEVENTH YEAR. { VOL. XV. No. 389 } THE CRITIC, No. 486.
NEW SERIES { GOOD LITERATURE, No. 544 }

NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1891

THE CRITIC CO. { SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS
\$3 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE }

TWILIGHT PARK

IN THE CATSKILLS.

People ask, "Why don't you advertise more?" But what is the use when applications are overwhelming? The new Club House at Ledge End is already filled, and even the large addition to the old one will scarcely suffice. We could fill any building with boarders, but what we prefer is visitors to stay a week or two and test the place.

Of five successive parties who occupied one cottage last season, four bought lots, and that is what we want.

Since March people have been coming, to engage rooms, rent cottages, or build. May Day a jolly party caught enough trout to give us all a taste. Seven cottages have been rented and three are building. We shall have a population of 300 by August.

What are the attractions? Simple home life without housekeeping cares; meals and entertainment at a central place; pleasant social life; picturesque surroundings; bracing air; in short, an ideal Resting-place, with a church, resident physician, studio, bowling alley, tennis court, livery, and other appurtenances.

Imagine everything *different* from the ordinary hotel or boarding house, and you have the Park.

We began in a small way, but with a comprehensive plan; learned to creep before we tried to walk. We planted abundantly and watered freely—with printers' ink. No hurry about dividends. We want more buyers so as to make more improvements. It is not too late to buy to advantage. Lots will double again this year.

Buyers are not obliged to build. We are always ready to make sales for others. If a cottager rents or re-sells at a profit, he usually buys more land, and we are content.

The Park is a good investment for every one.

If you want a day's outing, take a run up to Haines Falls while the spring verdure is at its loveliest and the laurel in bloom. A recent visitor says: "Your descriptions don't do justice to the Park. I had no idea you had accomplished so much." When you don't exaggerate, every one is surprised.

We haven't laid special stress upon healthfulness. Every summer resort brags on this score. But we know that mountain air is the one thing needful for seaboard residents. When the three million people in and around New York realize this fact, there will be twenty Twilight Parks amid the haunts of Rip Van Winkle.

CHARLES F. WINGATE,

SANITARY ENGINEER,

119 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS in some respects are our best patrons, because intelligent principals of long experience know just what kind of a teacher they want, and know when they get him. Public schools sometimes look only at a man's qualifications in scholarship, discipline, and experience, and are ready to accept as principal any college graduate who has served a second year in a similar position. But the higher grades of private schools look underneath all this for the man and the gentleman: for the qualities that will give force and tact to pupils, energy to "make things come to pass," and skill to deal with men of affairs. Especially is this true of women teachers. "First the woman, then the lady, then as much more as you can get," is our own standard of judgment, and we find it often accepted in the better private than in the public schools. Occasionally we come across a woman with such rare qualities that we should think it wasting them to put her into ordinary grade work. There are women whom it is a blessing for young girls to know, and when we find one of them we try to keep her for a school where her womanhood will have full scope. When you want such a teacher, send to the SCHOOL BULLETIN AGENCY, C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

OHIO NORMAL UNIVERSITY.

A complete school of ten departments. Last annual enrollment 2,476 students. It has university powers and confers degrees. It is chartered by the State, recognized by the National Government, having a Military Department under the supervision of an officer detailed by the Secretary of War. \$128 in advance pays board, room-rent, and tuition 49 weeks; \$100, 40 weeks; \$68, 30 weeks. Board and room, when paid by the week, for \$2.25 to \$3.50 per week. Textbook rent, cheap. Students can enter at any time and find suitable classes. No vacation except holiday week. Money will be refunded if everything is not as advertised. Send for catalogue.

H. S. LEHR, A.M., Pres.,

ADA, OHIO.

The Sauveur Summer College of Languages,

BURLINGTON, VT.

SIXTEENTH SESSION: July 7 to August 17.
For board and rooms address Miss H. L. Burritt, Burlington, Vt.

PETITES CAUSERIES. NEW EDITION just out. **CAUSERIES AVEC MES ELEVES.** NEW EDITION now in press. Exercises with translations from English into French have been added to both books; also a complete conjugation of French Verbs. A copy of the pamphlets containing these exercises and the keys to the same, also the Catalogue of the Summer School, will be sent free to applicants by

Dr. L. SAUVEUR.

6 Copley Terrace, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

Delightful Summer Books.

George MacDonald's
NEW NOVEL,

There and Back.

The vigor, beauty and irresistible eloquence of MacDonald's earlier works appear with renewed power in this latest production of his genius. "The story will delight old friends, and win many new ones."—*Book Bulletin*. American Edition, one volume, 630 pages, 12mo, cloth, \$1.50; paper, 50c.

A Romance of the Sea. One Voyage.

By JULIUS A. PALMER, JR.

"Something entirely new, attractive and interesting in ocean literature."—*Boston Transcript*. "The writer knows all the ins and outs of life aboard ship, from the rigging and handling of a vessel to the relations between the fore-cabin and cabin."—*San Francisco Bulletin*. 12mo, 365 pages, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50c.

A Story of Portuguese Life. The Fidalgos of Casa Mourisca.

Translated by R. L. DABNEY.

In Portuguese literature we have a new and unexplored field, and the very freshness and novelty lend zest to the reader.

"An example of the best modern Portuguese fiction very fluently and very cleverly Englished."—*Chicago Times*.

"The directness and vivacity of this tale remind the reader of Jane Austen."—*Literary World*. 12mo, cloth, 400 pages, \$1.50.

An Inimitable Outing Story. An Adirondack Cabin.

By MARGARET SIDNEY.

A brilliant story of camp life, frolic and adventure in the heart of the Great Wilderness.

"Full of the free out-of-door life of the forest and lake and mountain."—*Boston Journal*.

"The information it gives concerning that famous region is invaluable."—*New Bedford Journal*.

75 illustrations; 30 full page Adirondack scenes; 410, cloth, \$2.25; boards, \$1.75.

At the bookstores, or sent, postpaid, by

D. LOTHROP COMPANY,
BOSTON.

Best Art at Smallest Outlay.

Signed artists' proofs of the best Etchings costing with tasteful frame from \$10 to \$30. FREDERICK KEPPEL & Co., of Paris and 20 East 16th Street, New York, have just issued their illustrated descriptive Catalogue (No. 8). It will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps. Also high-class water colors. Visitors are always welcome to call and examine these pictures.

EDUCATIONAL.

SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY.
Oldest and best known in U. S.
Established 1835.
3 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT.

Connecticut, Hartford.
WOODSIDE SEMINARY. Home and College preparatory for Girls.
Miss SARA J. SMITH, Principal.

Connecticut, Lyme.
BLACK HALL SCHOOL. A family and preparatory school for boys; highest references from parents and from members of the Yale Faculty.
CHAS. G. BARTLETT, A.M., Principal.

Connecticut, New Haven, 136 Sherman Ave.
THE ELDERAGE. FAMILY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES pleasantly located in the suburbs of the city. THE MISSES BANGS, Principals.

Connecticut, New Haven, West End Institute.
MRS. CADY'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Institute Course of Study and College Preparatory Course. Admits to either Smith, Vassar, or Wellesley by certificate. Circulars. Early application necessary.

Connecticut, Litchfield Co., New Milford.
INGLESIDE. A HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Christmas term begins September 30th, 1891. Number of Pupils limited. Address, Mrs. Wm. D. BLACK, Patroness.

Connecticut, Norwalk.
MISS BAIRD'S INSTITUTE. Forty-four miles from New York. A Home School for Girls and Young Ladies. Number of boarding pupils limited to twenty-four. Excellent advantages in Music, Art, and the Languages. Gymnasium. Pleasant grounds. Healthful location. Careful attention to Morals and Manners. Terms moderate. Send for circular.

Connecticut, Hillside, Norwalk.
MRS. MEAD'S SCHOOL for Girls and Young Ladies re-opens October 1, 1890. College Preparatory Department fits for any College. Complete course in Literature, Languages, and Art. Special Musical Department. Beautiful location. Application should be made early.

Connecticut, Wallingford.
ROSEMARY HALL—BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Academic and preparatory courses. Principals—Miss LANSING and Miss RUTZ RRAE. Easter Term begins January 5th, 1891. For Catalogues address Rosemary Hall.

Connecticut, Litchfield Co., Washington.
THE GUNNERY. A Family School for thirty (30) Boys.
J. C. BRINSMAD, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Massachusetts, Springfield.
HOME AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. "THE ELMS." Miss PORTER, Principal. Certificate admits to Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith. Quincy Method for Children.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire, Hanover.
CHANDLER SCHOOL OF SCIENCE AND THE ARTS. Hanover, N. H. Address the President, or Prof. E. R. RUGGLES.

NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey, Deckertown, Sussex Co.
SEELEY'S HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Limited to twenty. Home training. Thorough instruction. Prepares for College.
W. H. SEELEY, A.M., Principal.

New Jersey, Hoboken.
STEVENS SCHOOL. The Academic Department of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. Re-opens, Sept. 17, 1890. Pupils prepared for Schools of Science and Colleges. Preparatory Class \$75 per annum. All other Classes \$150 per annum.

New Jersey, New Brunswick.
RUTGERS COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL. Boarding School for Boys and Young Men. Prepares for the best Colleges, Scientific Schools or Business.
E. H. COOK, A.M., Ph.D., Head Master

New Jersey, Bridgeton.
SOUTH JERSEY INSTITUTE. 21st year begins Sept. 17th, 1890. Both sexes. Prepares for any College, Teaching, or Business. French, German, Music, Art, Military Drill. H. K. TRASK, Prind.

EDUCATIONAL.

NEW YORK.

New York, Albany.
ST. AGNES SCHOOL, ALBANY, N. Y. Under the direction of Bishop Doane. 21st year. Full courses of study from Kindergarten through Harvard Course for Women. 34 instructors. Tuition \$400 a year. For catalogue address St. Agnes School.

New York, Aurora, Cayuga Lake.
WELLS COLLEGE, FOR WOMEN. Three Full Courses of Study. Location beautiful and healthful. A refined Christian Home. New Building with modern improvements. Session begins Sept. 16, 1891. Send for Catalogue.
E. S. FISHER, D.D., President.

Brooklyn, New York: 140-142 Columbia Heights.
THE MISSES ELY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will reopen September 30th.

New York, Buffalo, 284 Delaware Ave.
BUFFALO SEMINARY. The fortieth year begins September 17. For circulars, address Mrs. C. F. HARTT.

New York, Kingston-on-Hudson.
GOLDEN HILL SCHOOL. A preparatory school for boys. Sixth year begins September 24. \$450 per annum. JOHN M. CROSS, A.M., Principal.

New York, Newburgh.
THE MISSES MACKIE'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. The twenty-fifth year will begin September 25, 1890.

New York City, 535 Park Ave., cor. of 61st St.
ACADEMIC CLASSES FOR GIRLS. Open Oct. 1st. Preparation for the Harvard examination, and all Colleges for women. Daily instruction and practice in Delsarte Gymnastics. LOIS A. BANGS and MARY B. WHITON, A.B.

AERICAN ACADEMY OF THE DRAMATIC ARTS. Lyceum Theatre Building, N. Y. City, F. H. SARGENT, Director. The next term commences Oct. 26th, 1891. Apply to E. P. STEPHENSON, Business Manager.

New York City, 644 Madison Ave., near 59th St.
THE BENTLEY SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Re-opens, at above address, October 1st, 1890. WILLIAM JONES, A.B. (Harvard), Principal. After Sept. 30th the principal will be at the school each day from 11 till 1.

New York City, 55 West 47th Street.
MISS GIBBONS'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will reopen October 1. Three boarding pupils will be received into the family.

New York City, 63 Fifth Avenue.
THE MISSES GRAHAM. (Successors to the Misses Green.) Established in 1816. This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department, for which it has hitherto been so favorably known.

New York City, 52 West 56th Street.
THE PARK COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, (boys). removed to 52 West 56th St., reopens Sept. 23. Parents invited to inspect the school rooms.
ELMER E. PHILLIPS, A.M., Principal.

New York City. 4 East 38th St.
MRS. SALISBURY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Facing Central Park. Re-opens October 1.

New York City, 113 W. 71st St.
WEST END SCHOOL. Collegiate, Junior, and Primary Departments, and Military Drill and Gymnasium.
CHESTER DONALDSON, A.M., Principal.

New York, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson.
MISS BULKLEY'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will re-open Wednesday, Sept. 17th.

OHIO.

Ohio, Painesville.
LAKE ERIE SEMINARY. Course of study liberal and thorough. Excellent advantages in Natural Sciences, Music and Art. Miss MARY EVANS, Principal.

Columbus, Ohio: 151 E. Broad St.
MISS PHELPS' ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Special advantages in Language, Literature, Music, Art, Oratory, Physical and Social Culture. Fall term begins Sept. 24, 1891.

HENRY DRUMMOND'S WORKS.

The Changed Life. An Address by HENRY DRUMMOND. The Third of the Series. *Just Ready.* Gilt top, leatherette, printed in blue, price, 35 cents.

The Greatest Thing in the World. By HENRY DRUMMOND. Leatherette, gilt top; price 35 cents; illustrated edition, cloth, price \$1.00.

Pax Vobiscum. By HENRY DRUMMOND. The Second of the Series of which "The Greatest Thing in the World" is the First. Leatherette, gilt top. price 35 cents.

Natural Law in the Spiritual World. By HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Cloth, red top, title in gold, 438 pp.; price 75 cents. New edition.

"First"; A Talk with Boys. An address delivered at Glasgow to the Boys' brigade. Paper cover, 10 cents; \$1.00 per dozen; leatherette, silver edges, 35 cents.

AUTHOR'S ONLY EDITIONS.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

JAMES POTT & CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

14 AND 16 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK.

An Idyl of the Sun and other Poems.

By ORRIN CEDESMAN STEVENS.

12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

"Mr. Stevens most certainly employs imagery of a strong and noble quality, and he writes lines that are charged with a profound and subtle meaning; and also lines that hold their place in the memory by the simple power of verbal felicity giving force to some large or deep-discerning view of human emotion or external nature."—*Boston Beacon.*

"It is a noticeable volume. 'The Wonderful Workman' and 'The South Winds' are poems that one cannot read in cold blood."—*Philadelphia Press.*

GRIFFITH, AXTELL AND CADY CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Scatalogic Rites OF ALL NATIONS.

A Dissertation upon the Employment of Excrementitious Remedial Agents in Religion, Therapeutics, Divination, Witchcraft, Love-Philters, etc., in all Parts of the Globe, Based upon Original Notes and Personal Observation, and upon Compilation from over One Thousand Authorities. By Captain JOHN G. BOURKE, Third Cavalry, U.S.A. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 500 pages, \$4.00.

W. H. LOWDERMILK & CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

1424 F St., Washington, D. C.

AUTHORS AND WRITERS.

We will purchase your manuscripts or sell them for you. Write for particulars to

UNITED PUBLISHING CO.,
MEADVILLE, PA.

(Formerly National Writers' Bureau.)

The Critic

Published Weekly, at 52 Lafayette Place, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1891.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at The Critic Office, 52 Lafayette Place. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal newsdealers in New York. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Bookstore). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. Denver, Col.: C. Smith & Son. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square; and American Newspaper Agency, 15 King William Street, Strand, W. C. Paris: Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

Literature

Two Stories by Pierre Loti*

PIERRE LOTI has been a great traveller and has stayed long enough wherever he has gone to know the country, its manners and customs and its climate, thoroughly. The scenes of his books are laid in first one and then another of these distant regions to which fancy or his life as a sailor has taken him. 'The Iceland Fisherman' takes us into Norway and makes us feel as if we had actually gone North with the fishermen and seen the vessel covered with ice from stem to stern; 'Mme. Chrysanthème' gives us a fascinating picture of the inner life of the Japanese and lets us into more of the secrets of their diminutive existences than the work of any other author who has touched the subject; the present volume, 'The Romance of a Spahi,' goes down into the tropics and deals with the enervating life of the French soldiers on the banks of the Senegal in Senegambia. A French peasant is drafted into the army at the age of eighteen to serve six years, and is transferred at once from the cool purple shadows of his native mountains, the chain of the Cévennes, to the tempests and burning heats of Central Africa. At first he is dreadfully homesick, and counts the months as they roll away, thinking himself that much nearer home. In time, however, he begins to love the land of sand, the excessive light and heat, even the great gloom and silence of the desert. The effluvium, the subtle exhalations, everything by which he is surrounded becomes by degrees infiltrated into his veins. The opportunity offers itself for him to go home and, instead of embracing it eagerly, he has himself transferred to another regiment so that he may stay where he is. He becomes entangled with a black woman, abandoning himself entirely to her influence, and is powerless to separate himself from her though, because of her, he loses all chance of promotion, and remains what he has always been—a common soldier. He is finally ordered into the interior on active service, is caught in an ambush by one of the black tribes, and sells his life dearly in a hand to hand conflict. The colors in which Loti has painted this exquisite romance are so warm and glowing, the fascination of the life in equatorial countries, enervating as it is, is so superbly depicted that one yields to it in reading of it, and agrees with Loti not to condemn too harshly the soldiers whose destiny has thrown them, with their ardent natures, into abnormal conditions of life in the distant countries of the sun. As a word-painter Loti has no equal, and his present topic gives full scope to his talents in that respect. The translator's work has been well done in this instance.

There is probably no one in existence except Pierre Loti who could have written such an idyl as 'A Child's Romance.' It is the story of his own life from babyhood, from the moment when the consciousness of his own being first dawned upon him until he reached his fourteenth year and decided to adopt the sea for a profession, thereby elevating himself from childhood into manhood at once. It is not the diary of a child, it is not told in childish words, it is a narrative

* 1. The Romance of a Spahi. By Pierre Loti. 35 cts. Rand, McNally & Co. 2. A Child's Romance. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Clara Bell. \$1. W. S. Gottsberger & Co.

of that period of his existence told by the man as he looks back upon it. There is nothing startling, nothing unusual even in the record, it is as absolutely colorless as the life of a child would be whose parents surrounded him with every protecting care, and stood between him and all harm. One is apt to think that such a story could not be otherwise than tame and uninteresting. It would be but for the perfect charm of the manner in which it is written. The style is exquisite, easy, graceful and totally devoid of affectation. The man enters with entire sympathy into the life of the child, his thoughts and ideas, and he touches with exquisite delicacy upon those small and apparently insignificant things which indelibly impress a youthful mind, influence it irresistibly for good or for evil, and push it on towards the fulfilment of its destiny. The record of these early years is fanciful and imaginative, and filled with reminiscences of a personal pre-existence which the child imagines himself to have undergone. It is a thing which one likes only occasionally and in certain moods, but which one likes then exceedingly. It is well translated by Clara Bell.

"Under the Trees and Elsewhere"*

THESE CHARMING meditations bear every evidence of being the work of a refined nature that delights in open-air solitudes, the gentle panorama of nature, and the succession of the ever-varying seasons; yet with a delight wedded to indoor reverie, too, and illuminated at every point with the fitful reminiscence and illustration of books. The weekly paper is a vast drag-net that envelops in its miraculous draught things of many kinds, new and old, but not often does it contain among its kelp and seaweed bits so genuinely enjoyable, so fresh, so reverent as these diminutive essays of a hard-worked editor. Andrew Lang's 'Essays in Little' showed us lately what a London *littérateur* had most on his mind to tell us,—epigrammatic criticism on men and books, high-spiced ragouts of comment and witicism, the atmosphere of elaborate culture overcharged with hot-house aromas, the marvelling and wondering and watch-tower cries of an observer perched in the centre of the world, and scanning all horizons for the new and the original. 'Under the Trees,' on the contrary, is the out-door diary of a city editor surfeited with men and books, with novelties and epigrams, with artificiality and culture; a man who takes refuge in country-lanes, along winding rivers, or hill-tops remote from men, and enjoys the exquisite spectacle of an April day, a mountain rivulet, apple-boughs in bloom, or the heart of the woods more than all the epigrams that were ever burnished or the epics that were ever sung. The heart, ossified in the city, becomes flesh and blood again and throbs with delightful sensations at the mystery of night, the glimpses of a stealing river, a view off-shore or the vision of college elms. No balm like a summer morning to the bruised spirit whose smoking flax is all but quenched by the dust of towns; no unction like that which falls like a viewless benediction from earth and sky or breathes up from the expanding fields or hovers beside the river for the wandering feet that seek repose. Mr. Mabie takes up and translates these moods into delightful sentences and chapters that reflect all the benignities of green fields and reposeful nooks. His happy gift enables him to sing songs in words quite as musical as those wordless songs of Mendelssohn; and one can be thankful indeed to find among the turgidities of newspaper commonplace such landscape-cameos as he brings us in this vernal volume.

THE Albany *Journal* remarks:—"Andrew Carnegie, the well-known iron king, evidently is greatly impressed with 'The Library of American Literature,' edited by E. C. Stedman, the poet-critic, and Ellen M. Hutchinson of the New York *Tribune*. Mr. Carnegie recently gave a single order for this great work which amounted to \$1100. The sets of books paid for by an outlay so liberal were presents from him to leading free libraries in England and Scotland."

* Under the Trees and Elsewhere. By H. W. Mabie. \$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"The American Revolution"*

OF MR. FISKE'S study of the American Revolution, which so many readers have already enjoyed in part as lectures or magazine articles, it is unnecessary to speak except to note its final form and style as it now appears. To say that it is fully up to the standard of his best and most conscientious work, is to describe the contents of these two volumes. We have looked especially at his treatment of several themes in the nooks and corners of the Revolutionary history, but have not found him nodding. Looking at the broad lines of the great struggle, we find him accurate, temperate, master of the literatures of the subject, and withal simple and graphic in style. His ambition seems to have been 'not so much to contribute new facts as to state the narrative in such a way as to emphasize relations of cause and effect that are often buried in the mass of details.' That indeed is the reason why the most peace-loving and unwarlike young ladies, and even children, who have heard Mr. Fiske lecture, enjoy his method. It makes history to them almost as real as fiction seems to be. In the beginning, three chapters are devoted to the preliminary why and how of Bunker Hill and July 4, 1776. Nearly all descriptions of battles have also a good, clear plan, unembarrassed by too much detail, so that even a boy can see the meaning of the diagram. There is a good frontispiece portrait of Washington, engraved from a miniature enamelled on copper by Henry Bone, which is unideal and perhaps more accurate than the better-known and more popular likenesses. The book has a good index. Our judgment on this work is that in fulness, accuracy and interest it is the best history of the American Revolution yet told, with no second within sight. An important detail in the mechanical part is the improved method of binding which secures flexibility and strength.

Life in a Moorland Parish*

THE Reverend Doctor of Canon Law who sends forth this handsome and entertaining book is one whose sense of perception is both keen and broad. He knows something of things heavenly and pre- and post-mundane, else he could not be even a moorland parson, but he loves and knows full well also the solid earth. He is at home on the moor, and alert to signs in heaven and on the dry land. He has walked, he tells us, more than seventy thousand miles in prosecution of clerical work only, and much more than as many again for exercise, relaxation or recreation. The fruits of his forty years' outings and observations in the North Riding of north-eastern England, are preserved in this handsome octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages. Like a lover of good books, he has given us capital maps and a full index as well as two illustrations of the famous bow bridge at Danby first built in the twelfth century.

In his department of folk-lore he tells of fairies, dwarfs, hobs, witches, wise men, and customs connected with bees. With kindly perception of the soul of goodness in things evil, he insists that there are evidences of latent faith in archaic folk tales. (This, we confess, delights the heart of the critic now penning this, for he believes firmly that folk-lore with her thousand voices praises God.) As an antiquarian, he has peered and dug into barrows, earth-works and the traces of so-called 'British villages,' sometimes meeting with troves, but oftener having exercise and experience for his reward. He chats of geology, of the manners and customs of the people—marriages, burials, and dog-whippings. His historical gleanings are interesting, and in treating of moorland phenomena and scenery, he warms with enthusiasm. Seven appendices on various themes that naturally interest a scholarly man furnish additional data of interest to all who enjoy the study of English life, history and natural phenomena. The observations have that peculiar value belonging to all honest work at

first hand, and the style, while not equal to that of our own John Burroughs, is not far behind in the quality of readability.

"The Primes and their Neighbors"*

THERE ARE many neighborhoods in which 'The Primes' abound, but few so fortunate in their historian as those of 'Middle Georgia.' Col. Johnston erects his loom in the piney woods and weaves upon it designs of varied pattern, bright, humorous, tragic or tender, all recording in their homely Bayeux fashion the story of life before the War among the swains and lassies of the South. These studies will ultimately be very instructive to the social historian who peeps and pries into the past after vanished civilizations and finds no other cuneiform in his Mesopotamia than that inscribed on these literary tablets of clay. Each of these ten tales is a tablet of the Creation, containing not myths or hymns but warm records of throbbing or laughing human hearts, glimpses of neighborhood feuds and plantation doings, loves and courtships ending the usual way, and concrete examples of the ludicrous or miserable, the romantic or the poetic, as they existed in the Cotton Belt in the early nineteenth century. Col. Johnston is the copious and facile recorder of these phenomena and has taken them all up as a sponge saturated with oil of olives takes up the scent of roses. The gentlest squeeze makes the stories flow, and in them there is odor of old-fashioned damask roses and of Seven Sisters and the multiflora that once clung about Southern porches and rambles in and out of all Southern thoughts of home: not of the passionate-colored, new, flaming incarnations of rose-color that your modern florist or romanticist furnishes from his glowing greenhouse. No; there is something altogether simple and unique, true and unaffected in the growths of Col. Johnston's pen: nothing exotic, strained or diseased, no 'sports' from sickly or expiring roots or shoots quivering with insect life. 'The Experiment of Miss Sally Cash' could not have come to healthful fruition in any such atmosphere, nor 'The Self-Protection of Mr. Littleberry Roach.' The air they breathe is that of humorous, wholesome human nature uncharged with Ouida-esque electricities or Ibsen horrors. Mr. Dickerson Prime's 'durance' is passed under conditions wholly different from those which the lantern-bearing cynics trump up for themselves as they run around in broad daylight seeking, not an honest man, but a dishonest passion to melodramatize upon.

Edersheim's "Jesus the Messiah"*

AMONG ALL modern lives of Jesus, that of the Christian Israelite, Alfred Edersheim, stands easily first in the estimation of scholars. No other writer has shown such masterly grasp of all the elements in that wonderful life, or was so acquainted with all the details of the background of the history of the Jews. With this wealth of knowledge and feeling, as his inheritance and estate increased by life-long study, Edersheim drew the picture of the Son of Man, the unique figure of all history. His original work, in two volumes, comprises 1524 pages, with immense riches and variety of erudition, foot-notes, references to the Talmuds and other storehouses of ancient, mediæval and modern knowledge. It has, also, a preliminary survey of the state of the Jewish world at the time of the birth of Christ, numerous appendices, learned excursions and indexes. An abridged edition of his great work has long been a desideratum for the ordinary reader, and to such a work the author had intended to apply himself before his lamented death in the early part of this year. Prof. William Sanday of Oxford, his friend, has, however, undertaken the task and, as we think, made a pronounced success. In one volume of six hundred and forty-five pages, nearly uniform in size, type

* The American Revolution. By John Fiske, 2 vols. \$4. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
† Forty Years in a Moorland Parish. By the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, D.C.L. \$2.25. Macmillan & Co.

* The Primes and their Neighbors. By R. M. Johnston. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.
† Jesus the Messiah. By Alfred Edersheim. \$7.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

and margins, with a single volume of the larger work, and a gem of the printer's art, we have now a cabinet edition of the priceless work. The binding is white, blue and gold, the paper rich and tough with gilt top and rough edges, the illustrations, twenty-four in number, are photographs from the masters of the Renaissance and of the modern school, and in execution show exquisite tone and finish, besides being carefully inlaid on the page. Among the various masters represented are Plockhorst, Bodenhausen, Holman Hunt, Paul Veronese, Schönherr, Keller, Murillo, Raphael, and Munkacsy. In the abridged form the voluminous apparatus of learning, introductions, lists of authorities, notes, references (except to Scripture), excursions and appendices, indexes, etc., are omitted. The story begins at the annunciation of John the Baptist, but with taste, skill and power, Edersheim's main text is condensed in the form of eighty-seven chapters. Combining the splendor of the publisher's art with the wealth and power of the scholar, this book must be reckoned among the most striking of recent works. In our copy the photographs of ancient and modern Jerusalem have by an oversight exchanged places.

Charles Grandison Finney*

THE SEVENTH child of his parents, Charles G. Finney was born at Warren, Conn., August 29, 1792. His name reflects the reading of his father, and the literary fashion of the time. Of one of Richardson's novels, Sir Charles Grandison is the hero, and after this unsubstantial personage Finney's parents, neither of whom was a member of church, named their son. When he was two years old, they followed the tide of emigration to the lands once occupied by the Six Nations of Iroquois Indians, and found a home in the town named after Domine Kirkland. Here the boy remained until sixteen years old, during the days of the stage-coach and post-horse. Into the clearings which were slowly and painfully made in the great forests, rude and uneducated preachers came from time to time. Finney had enough schooling to enable him to criticise their mistakes in grammar, and to enjoy laughing at their blunders to his dying day. He probably also learned from them vigor, boldness and directness.

It was while a student of law, at the age of twenty-nine, that Finney was, in revised version, 'turned'—in the old dialect, 'converted.' He soon became a revival preacher, and began that extraordinary career which made him one of the American religious leaders. He preached to the conscience, rather than to the affections, and delighted to show men that they were living in conscious sin, and in ingratitude to the Heavenly Father. He may be said to have invented 'the anxious seat,' and the method of asking the affected to rise in public meeting for prayer. Almost as a matter of course, his methods were considered innovations dangerous to orthodoxy, and his preaching was looked upon as 'new theology.' The established brethren of the Congregational churches held a convention at New Lebanon to consider his case; and to this Prof. Wright devotes a chapter. In the light of our own contemporary storm-signals, and of ecclesiastical phenomena in the region around New York, this chapter is of great interest. Practically the strictures and movements and resolutions of Finney's critics came to nothing, and his evangelistic labors went on with more energy and influence than ever. He was called to a pastorate in New York City, of which the direct and still living results are *The Evangelist*, so long edited by the late Henry M. Field, and the Broadway Tabernacle, of which William M. Taylor is pastor. In a sense he was the founder of Oberlin College and Seminary, where he did his great work as an educator and a theological teacher. Here was held the first National Congregational Council, of which the International

Council to be held in London next month is a logical development.

Prof. G. F. Wright, the biographer, is the well-known geological expert, author of 'The Ice Age in America,' Lowell Institute lecturer, and editor of *The Bibliotheca Sacra* (born in Andover and recently given a new lease of life at Oberlin). His style is clear, direct, vigorous, but not sparkling, or in any way lightened up by the wit and humor which in his subject so often fascinated both regenerate and unregenerate. Chapter VII. is devoted to a masterly analysis of Finney's theology which was in some striking points peculiar to himself. Chapter VIII. treats of Finney's personal characteristics. In a word, we have in this book a medallion-like impression of a noble soul. Finney was in the best sense of the world a rationalist, a devout servant of God, and a helper and educator of his fellow-men, who, usually in the terms of Calvinistic theology, glorified Christ as the Saviour of men. As usual with the books of this series, paper, print, index and all appurtenances are of the best.

Recent Fiction

IT IS PERHAPS paradoxical to declare that Mr. Arlo Bates is never so felicitous as when he is saying something disagreeable—yet such is the case to the truth of which his clever title 'Book o' Nine Tales' bears witness, for it is only in 'Mrs. Fruffles at Home,' 'A Business Meeting,' 'Such Sweet Sorrow,' 'An Evening at Whist,' and other instances where he delicately discloses the mote in his neighbor's eye, that he is entirely natural and at ease. At other times he is apt to be dull. We say this in all hesitation, feeling that it is the constraint of his subject alone that could have produced such an unusual result. But any one can be interesting when he is telling the worst he knows of his fellow-man, and one can be positively absorbing when that worst is about his fellow-woman. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)

'EVENTIDE LIGHT,' from its title, might be anything from a religious tract to an advertisement for wax candles. It is, however, the story of Margaret, who was only child and heiress of Sir Arthur Dakyns, and who lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century in Hackness, near Scarborough. Written in an obviously archaic style, the book is a very good record of the social life of two young women during the strenuous years of Elizabeth's reign, when political intrigues, uncertain courtly favor and foreign wars made the lives of her men subjects full of vicissitudes, and the happiness of their wives an indirect consignment. Margaret Dakyns was a veritable lady who was first married to the younger brother of the Earl of Essex, and after his death was wooed importunately for her vast estates by many suitors and finally won by the brother of Sir Philip Sidney, and yet again after his death by one Hoby. The author, Emma Marshall, tells us that the story of this much-wedded dame was gathered from contemporary records, some of which are still in the family of Sir Arthur Dakyns's descendants; and we well know that the slight history of Catherine Strangle, the devoted attendant of that unhappy Queen of Scots, who afterwards married Richard Dakyns, is true. (\$1.25. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

IF WE ARE to believe German novelists, intrigue, aversion and neglect are the portion of most second wives, forbearance, amiability and forgiveness their weapons of defense, and a glorious reconciliation their triumph and reward—a reconciliation which at once revives their crushed spirits and drives from their mind all bitter recollections, while it endows the husband with virtues warranted fast. This, with its peculiar aggravations, is the case of 'A Brave Woman,' by E. Marlitt, which Margaret P. Waterman has translated into fluent English. Those aggravations which differentiated the Countess von Mainau from other second wives were, a Duchess whom her husband loved, a malicious old Hofmarschall, the father of the former wife, who persecuted the Countess Julia with his hatred, and a Jesuit priest who persecuted her with his love. Against this array of enemies the poor young wife had one ally and friend, and that was the little son of the first wife, Leo, who loved his stepmother;—and if his friendship at first seemed as insignificant as the child whom St. Christopher carried over the stream, it grew in force until it became a bulwark of strength to her. In the end she wins the passionate admiration of her noble husband, the Duchess retires to a watering-place, the old Hofmarschall is proud to have strangled a woman, and to have employed the Jesuit chaplain to forge a will, and the latter after hav-

* American Religious Leaders. Charles Grandison Finney. By G. Frederick Wright, D.D. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ing confessed his forgery to Julia pushes her into a pond and flees the country. In spite of its theatrical plot and its rather melodramatic tendency, the story is preëminently interesting, and has, if we mistake not, made its reputation in this country under the title of 'The Second Wife.' (Worthington Co.)—IT WAS William Hutton who gave the country-woman, who complained to him that her husband treated her unkindly and wished to know what would cure him, the successful advice, 'Always greet him with a smile.' It is his life that is narrated in an interesting, straightforward tale under the title of 'Perseverance and Success.' The son of a poor drunken journeyman, this man who is sometimes called the 'English Benjamin Franklin' was born in 1723, and at the age of seven was apprenticed to serve in a silk mill. From that time until he died in 1815, at the age of 93, he passed through all the vicissitudes that usually attend an upright business career, crowning it all with wealth, honor and successful authorship. Most of his life he spent at Birmingham, and he is identified with that place, having written a History of Birmingham. He spent much time in antiquarian research in that and neighboring vicinities. His most important undertaking, however, was the 'History of the Roman Wall,' which he published in 1802. (45 cts. Thomas Whittaker.)

MR. WALTER PATER calls his 'Marius the Epicurean' (new edition, fifth thousand) 'a writer's dream when the nights are longest,' at least if we may so interpret the line of Greek that adorns the portal of this exquisite Roman temple. It is truly a matter of rejoicing that such a book should have reached its fifth thousand, a book characterized by rare style, rich imagination, opulent knowledge of later Rome, and a magical sympathy with the spirit of the times of Marcus Aurelius. We know no book which reveals so delicate and profound a knowledge of the ages of Roman Christianization when the souls of ancient philosophies were fading out of them and 'unto dying eyes' a new light came through all the 'glimmering squares' and crevices and corners of crumbling Roman paganism,—the light from 'those holy hills.' Very beautifully does Mr. Pater discuss all this decay, and also all this new resurrection, in various antique Roman souls gathered between these covers. Sometime ago *The Critic* reviewed the book fully in an earlier edition. All that need be said now is that it is a book fit for the feast of the gods to which Tantalus aspired. (\$2.25. Macmillan & Co.)

'THE WONDERFUL Adventures of Phra the Phœnician,' by Edwin Lester Arnold, is a story that ought to satisfy the most omnivorous. There is myth, history, adventure, archæology, theosophy and fiction all united in the annals of a single individuality. For Phra began his life before the Roman conquest of Britain and only ended it during the reign of Elizabeth. He and Blodwin, his British wife, were in close communion of spirit all during Phra's four reincarnations. She watched over his life, directed his course, sustained his courage, and, at his death, received him in her arms. In the meantime Phra had revived during British-Roman times—during Saxon-Norman times—during Edward Third's reign, and, finally, during the reign of the Virgin Queen—with a brand new lady-love to each incarnation. The story was a tremendous undertaking, well accomplished and containing some splendid and spirited descriptions, but it has left not a little of the labor to the reader. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)—WE COULD wish that Mr. Maurice Thompson had either stopped a little short of the ending in his rural romance called 'At Love's Extremes,' or gone on and explained whether Col. John Reynolds married the little Alabama mountain girl who murdered the queen's English so abundantly. We do not like to take the responsibility of uniting this incongruous pair, and yet we must admit that Mr. Thompson has left affairs at such an issue that it might happen. When a young woman rushes out into the moonlight and is seen clinging fondly to the person of the said Reynolds, who had been absent from his mountain retreat 'wuth them air fine folks,' and her father, who had followed her out, goes back and says to his wife: 'She—she—Milly 'll be all right now, she won't go erstracted now, mother,' there is a fixed idea in the reader's mind that this portends marriage. And so it may to the simple-minded family of Milly, but there is the very probable alternative that Col. Reynolds left his voluntary seclusion and went out into the world of men the more to drown his chagrin at the untoward ending of his own love episode. Mr. Thompson might end his tale as a great poet ended his description of a social question.

Well, anyhow, here the story stays,
So far, at least, as I understand;
But Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
Here's a subject made to your hand.

(50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co. New edition.)—'PRETTY MISS SMITH,' by Florence Warden, is a wild story in which an old man dies and

leaves his fortune to his niece, provided she agrees to continue living in his house next door to the brewery out of which he made his money. He does this to keep her from being ashamed of the origin of the fortune. Distant relatives of this old man try to drive the girl crazy by all sorts of dreadful devices to which they resort in this old-fashioned, rambling house. They think she will certainly leave the house or lose her mind if she stays there, and they will get the money. She does neither, however, and it all results happily for her in the end. It is an absurdly sensational story. (25 cts. United States Book Co.)

DELICIOUSLY FULL of quaint humor, satire and wisdom, 'In the Cheering up Business,' by Mary Catherine Lee, is one of those books that you keep constantly by you to dip into at every leisure moment, that you commend in season and out of season to your friends, and that, finally, when your fever of enthusiasm has somewhat subsided, you ever after remember as a delightful sensation, that stands out saliently in your mind. 'Tenting on Stony Beach,' by Maria Louise Pool, a co-New Englander, was also such a book, but the 'chipping up' of Mr. Simms Simms was but an incident in a long summer, while here the cheering-up business lasts all the year. Indeed, if every reader was as stony-hearted, as self-absorbed, as mournful as Aunt Maria, he could not but be won by the courage, the sweetness and the buoyancy of niece Rebecca, who, after her parents died and the little brothers and sisters were distributed among friends, could not find any modest corner in the world where her services were needed until she consented to be a poor-relation-cheer-up in the household of Aunt Maria. On the journey there, her heart sank: she remembered the cry of the great buffoon when he was advised by the physician to go and see the unparalleled Grimaldi as a cure for his melancholy, 'My God! I'm Grimaldi himself.' But, at least, she brought cheer and helpfulness to those about her, and as such a quality is twice blessed the giver was not the least receiver, and in the end she managed the reconstruction of the fireside for the weans. Not the least charm of the book is its peculiar New England atmosphere. The sweetness and humor of Rebecca's nature united to an unflinching sense of duty make up a character that brings to our mind the loveliness of the new England sunshine which never seems to us so gracious as when it is warming the glinting granite rocks of that rugged coast. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

AN OLD gentleman dies and his body is duly laid out for interment. In the night the body disappears and with it the will which the man was known to have made. Interested parties are accused of stealing the body and destroying the will, and an active inquiry is instituted for the recovery of both—all to no purpose. In the midst of the search the old man turns up alive and well. He is a scientist who has experimented on himself with a liquid which threw him into a profound stupor closely resembling death. Left alone, in the middle of the night he awoke and concluded he would take a walk to revive himself in the fresh air. Once out of sight of his house he decided to continue his journey and disappear for a while in order to see what his relatives would do after his supposed death. He had his will in his own pocket. This is the story of 'A Baffling Quest,' by Richard Dowling. It is not totally devoid of interest, but there is too much of it. (50 cts. United States Book Co.)

Minor Notices

WHAT IS THE nature of animal intelligence? Do animals reason? That our four-handed and four-footed cousins occasionally act in a manner which seems to imply the exercise of a reasoning faculty is admitted by Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan in his handsome and bulky volume on 'Animal Life and Intelligence,' but he thinks that, so far from reasoning, they are without the power of forming an abstract conception or notion. They may connect signs with things and distinguish predominant qualities, but the quality is not 'floated off' from the object and attached to the sign; therefore, they have no true language, and no 'discourse of reason.' On the other hand, Prof. Morgan minimizes the importance of automatic actions and credits not only all animals but all matter, 'dead' or living, with some power or capacity allied to consciousness. He confesses his belief in a single universal substance, which is both material and spiritual, both subjective and objective, or, as he prefers to put it, both kinetic and 'metakinetic.' As mechanical and chemical activities rise from simple to complex in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, this progress is offset by a corresponding progress on the 'metakinetic' side, of which, however, only the last term, consciousness, is known to us, and that chiefly in our own persons. But we have the right to attribute it in a simpler form to the lower animals, and to hold that it evolved from some co-related power inherent in all matter, and by

no means converted over from an unlike order of being. Thus, if he is in one sense, as he claims to be, a monist, he is, in another, just as truly a dualist. Starting with this philosophical scheme, he slowly circles round to it through a dozen chapters treating of the primary forms and functions of life, natural selection and evolution, the senses, mental processes, feelings, habits and instincts of animals. His concluding chapters, in which it is elaborately presented, will interest those who are curious about current phases of speculative thinking. The more solid material, gathered from such writers and observers as Darwin, Wallace, Mivart, Romanes and Lubbock is fairly summarized, though with much criticism tending to widen the breaches and weaken the links of theory in that 'chain of gaps and guesses' which holds together the scattered facts of biology. The work is the more to be recommended to the general reader on this account. We are of the opinion, indeed, that its most valuable pages are those which are devoted to the criticism of other writers. One may not accept the author's own conclusions, but his objections to certain more or less widely accepted hypotheses are usually both well taken and pressed with fairness and courtesy. (Ginn & Co.)—*MOUNTAIN-EEING in Colorado*, by F. H. Chapin, is in its second edition. The charming photographic illustrations are worthy of the Appalachian Mountain Club, of which Mr. Chapin is a member, and the beautiful things of the Colorado lakes and *cordilleras*, flora and scenery, deserve the quick appreciation which the new edition suggests. (\$2. Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co.)

'WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?' is the challenge and conundrum which make the title of a pamphlet of one hundred and sixteen pages, written by F. E. Tower, A.M., and issued by the Authors' Mutual Publishing Company of Boston. It sets forth the economic evils in society, pictures Dives and Lazarus in modern life, enumerates the great army of prisoners of poverty 'appointed to die by the resistless fiat of political economy,' throws light upon 'labor's Gethsemane,' and 'mouldy customs,' and points out how the Red Sea may be crossed. According to the author's view, the matter with society is that the accumulation of great capital by individuals ought to be checked, and is not, as yet. A tax of three or four per cent. should be laid on all capital over \$200,000. This 'would smash the monopolies right and left, and the people would say "Amen."'

IN THE PREFACE to his little volume entitled 'Spain and Morocco,' Mr. H. T. Finck, the well-known musical critic, effectually disarms criticism by declaring that he had no other aim in writing it, than to record the most vivid impressions of local habit and color made upon him in the course of a flying trip, lasting only two months. This he has done in a bright, pleasant and gossiping fashion, giving many useful hints not to be found in the ordinary guide-book to travellers who may follow in his footsteps. Of Madrid he has little to say that is new; but his chapters on Toledo and Seville, their inhabitants, houses and customs, are excellent reading. In Morocco he has much fresher territory to deal with, and his account of his expedition by night in the Moorish quarter of Tangier is decidedly interesting, as is the story of his excursion to Tetuan, to which added zest is given by the suggestion of personal peril. To Gibraltar he does scant justice, but the story of his ride by diligence, from Granada to Lorca, through some of the wildest parts of Spain, is well told and may inspire other tourists to follow his example. The whole volume is the work of an intelligent man, who knows how to use his eyes for the benefit of other persons besides himself. (\$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE 'American Dictionary of Printing and Bookmaking,' which is to contain information on all matters of interest to printers, binders, and those dealing with them, promises to be a useful and comprehensive work. Part I., which is before us, contains articles from 'A' to 'Blank,' of which the longest are on Abbreviations, with a list of those now in common use (5 pages); 'Accents'; 'Adams,' including a description of the Adams press and biographies of the members of the family who invented and improved it; 'Advertising'; 'Algebra,' from the compositor's point of view; 'Alphabet'; 'Apprentice,' with many details of French and English as well as American usage; 'Arabic' letters and type-setting; 'Author'; 'Bank-notes'; 'Bible'; 'Bibliography'; 'Bibliomania' and 'Blank-books.' Many of these are illustrated. There are short biographical sketches, with portraits of A. S. Abell, Pierre Alauzet, Aldus Manutius, C. A. Alvord, Alexander Anderson, the wood-engraver, E. R. Andrews, Daniel Appleton, Nathan Babcock, P. C. Baker, F. W. Baltes, G. D. Barnard, John Baskerville, W. L. Becker, C. R. Blakely and Samuel Bingham. American, English, French, German, Italian and Spanish technical terms and phrases are explained or translated. Some authors will be surprised to learn that they

'had better leave the method of capitalizing, punctuation, division, compounding and spelling to the printer,' even though he be 'a good one.' As to the ignorance of authors, it is asserted that they do not know whether *civilize* is spelled with an *s* or a *z*; whether Catherine takes an *a* or an *e* in the second syllable; whether an *s* is upside down; whether progress should be divided *pro-ress* or *prog-ress*. Printers are most apt to err in headings and running titles, in the use of Italics and small capitals, and in the notes. The work is to run in six hundred pages, and is to be issued in monthly parts (without cost to subscribers to *The American Book-maker*), and will be placed on the market only on completion, at the price of \$12 per copy. The publishers expect to complete it within three years. (Howard Lockwood & Co.)

'THE RELATION of Labor to the Law of To-day' is a work by Dr. Lujo Brentano, translated from the German by Mr. Porter Sherman; but neither the title of the book nor its opening chapters give a correct idea of its nature and object. The first part of the work is a historical account of the English labor unions, while the second part discusses the economic aspects of the labor problem, and especially the means of increasing the rate of wages. The translation is faulty, un-English expressions frequently occurring throughout; yet the author's meaning is for the most part made tolerably plain. Dr. Brentano rightly holds that the main object of all measures of labor reform is to secure for the laborers a fuller share in the blessings of civilization. To this end the principal means, in his opinion, is an increase in their income together with some shortening of the labor day; and these objects are to be attained partly by legislation but mainly through the instrumentality of the labor unions. Wages, he thinks, are determined by the standard of living by the laborers, but this standard, and with it the rate of wages, may be raised by the voluntary action of the laborers themselves, provided they act in concert. Hence his strong faith in the labor unions and especially in courts of arbitration, which he regards as the true agency for the settlement of all disputes between laborers and their employers. On all these points Dr. Brentano enters into an elaborate discussion which we have no space to summarize. Some of his doctrines seem to us more than doubtful, and we have much less faith than he has in the power of the unions to raise wages; but he writes with ability and with evident sympathy for the laboring people, and his work will doubtless be read with interest by students of the labor problem. (\$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

'THE EIGHT HOURS DAY,' by Sidney Webb and Harold Cox, is written in advocacy of a law making the limit of eight hours' work a day compulsory. Some exceptions are to be allowed in those industries in which a longer day is at times indispensable, but only on special terms and under special regulations. The authors take the ground that a shortening of the present labor day is necessary to the happiness and elevation of the laboring people; and though they recognize the fact that a reduction of the hours of labor would probably diminish the average productivity of each laborer, they maintain that this loss would be made up by the employment of the mass of laborers that are now idle. These views are supported and illustrated by a considerable array of facts and arguments. The authors have no faith that a reduction of hours will ever be obtained as a voluntary concession from employers nor by reason of trades union coercion; they rely solely on an act of Parliament. When, however, they come to consider what sort of measure will secure their object, they express themselves with much hesitation, and intimate that it is the business of politicians to reduce the eight-hour rule to practice. For our part, we think the question altogether too complicated and difficult to be dealt with in the off-hand way that this book proposes, and we believe that a deeper study of the subject would have made the authors more cautious in their judgments. (50 cts. A. Lovell & Co.)

Magazine Notes

THE Secretary of the Navy gives a glowing account of 'Our New War-ships' in *The North American Review* for June; the Earl of Meath makes a strong plea for compulsory physical education in Great Britain and in our Eastern States; Gen. Rush C. Hawkins draws up a tremendous indictment against all sorts and conditions of men in this Republic for avarice and brutality; and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, while admitting the truth of most of its contents, finds little difficulty in showing that, on the whole, it is far too sweeping. Coming along with all these sad and solemn matters, Lady Blake's 'Chat about Newfoundland' seems doubly light and airy; yet it contains a great deal of solid information about that oldest of British Colonial possessions. We are told of the 'hungry grass' which grows on Avalon, and which, according to a

native superstition, brings death by hunger on the unlucky wight who steps upon it unless he has some eatable at hand; and of the St. John's fires which, as in Ireland and Armorica, are lit on May Eve on the hill-sides and cross-roads,—a relic of ancient Celtic paganism. But the descriptive part of the essay is, perhaps, the best. A paragraph on the 'silver thaw' reminds one of Hawthorne's beautiful description of the same phenomenon, and a few sentences on icebergs contain, each one, a picture, never, we believe, limned before. George Ticknor Curtis lays down the law about the New Orleans lynching. Major-General John Gibbons gives 'Another View of Gettysburg,' differing in important respects from those printed in the March number. 'The A. B. C. of Money,' by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, is an able anti-silver article. In 'Notes and Comments,' Mr. George E. Waring, Jr., apropos of Secretary Rusk's solicitude about the farmers, points out the actual needs of the farming class; Felix L. Oswald quotes the experience of a Southern gentleman in an attempt to re-forest an out-worn estate to show that it is much cheaper to buy and keep such forests as we still have about the head-waters of the Hudson and the Ohio than it will be to plant new ones when the need of them is demonstrated; and Dr. Cyrus Edson gives facts and figures calculated to reassure timid people who may have become alarmed about the spread of leprosy.

It occasionally happens that a man's established reputation in a certain line of work is an obstacle to the recognition of good work by him in some new direction. Such may turn out to be the case with Mr. George Du Maurier, whose 'Peter Ibbetson—A Novel,' begun in the June *Harper's*, would, perhaps, be more sure to win the praise it deserves if the author had never become widely known by his pen-and-ink sketches in *Punch*. Some of the best of his drawings are those with this very novel. The 'strange, huge, top-heavy vehicle,' with its excited escort of small boys, dogs and roosters; the two contrasted types of French workmen in the drawing of 'Le P'tit Anglais'; 'Le Mare d'Auteuil,' with queer, old-fashioned figures crouched, frog-like, on its bank, and their yet more batrachian reflections kicking out vigorously in its agitated waters; the handsome British gentleman singing a sentimental ditty; the Napoleonic Major holding forth about the 'Bataille de Waterloo' are among the best things in their way that have been printed in an English or American magazine for years. They are eminently in keeping with the story, which—this first part of it—deals with small boy life at Passy when Louis Philippe was King, and which seems to us better yet than the sketches. 'Up the River Parana' and 'Royal Chateaux of the Loire' are two illustrated descriptive articles, the former by Theodore Child, the latter by Louis Fréchet. Another, still more lavishly illustrated, is A. T. Quilter Couch's 'The Warwickshire Avon,' with dozens of pretty drawings by Alfred Parsons. In 'London after the Romans,' Mr. Walter Besant draws a fancy picture of the desolation of the old Roman-British city under Saxon sway. Henry Loomis Nelson contrasts 'Town and Village Government,' much to the disadvantage of the latter. 'The Failure of David Berry,' by Sarah Orne Jewett, is the best short story of the number. Thomas Hardy's 'Wessex Folk' is ended.

In his forecast of the working of 'Our International Copyright Law,' in the June *Forum*, Mr. Henry Holt predicts, among other things, that, the habit of paying foreign authors for their work once established, royalties will be freely paid them, in many cases, without copyright. Books which will not, at first, seem likely to pay for the American type-setting which the law requires, but which, like Mr. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' may become unexpectedly popular, will continue to offer a temptation to pirates, but will be too few to support them; and, when the pirates are starved out, respectable American houses will either abstain from competing or will make proper terms with the foreign publisher or author. Another result of the law will be an improvement in the make-up of many new books, which in previously existing circumstances would have to be brought out very cheaply. Since a price must now be demanded which will cover the author's royalty, it will be found better to add a little more for good paper and presswork, and to seek a new class of buyers for limited first editions, than to depend wholly on the rare chance of a very wide sale. When a book becomes popular a cheap edition can always be brought out to meet the demand. We may hope, on this account, to compete more extensively than we have hitherto done with French and English 'éditions de luxe.' Our printers, no longer obliged to work for quantity merely, will have a chance to take the lead in artistic printing. Writing of 'Von Moltke and Future Warfare,' Col. Theodore A. Dodge hints that the next great war will occasion many surprises. The game has become more complicated and, therefore, less calculable than ever; and no one can tell how the many new and untried inventions introduced into modern armaments will work. The campaign of the future will

be an affair of a few weeks, involving enormous loss of life in the actual fighting, but much less than formerly from sickness and exposure. Senator William Stewart writes on the free coinage side in his article on 'Silver, and the Need of more Money.' His argument is that the gold standard cannot be maintained for want of a sufficient supply of the metal. Ulysses D. Eddy discounts 'Our Chance for Commercial Supremacy'; Sir Charles W. Dilke writes of 'The Commonwealth of Australia'; Senator Joseph N. Dolph of 'The New Northwest'; and President W. de W. Hyde of 'A Rational System of Physical Training.'

The photographs which illustrate Mr. Henry T. Finck's essay on 'Japanese Women' in the June *Cosmopolitan* fully bear out his assertion that the young girls of that country are often extremely pretty. In 'Reminiscences of Two Modern Heroes' Mr. Thomas B. Connery compares Stanley and Edison. Mr. Charles S. Pelham-Clinton writes of the 'Royal Arsenal at Woolwich,' and the illustrations show the big guns and steam hammer, and a view of the interior of the main factory. Mary D. Welcome's paper, 'A Remarkable Artist,' is on Gustave Doré; Julia Magruder's on 'The House of Madame de Pompadour' has views of the exterior of the 'Hôtel de Pompadour' in Fontainebleau, of its little salon, its Boucher window and its stables. Esther Singleton gives a pleasant account of the rise and downfall of Beau Brummell, and quotes some delightful letters of that precursor in foppery of our Mr. Whistler. 'The Model Municipality' of which writes Mr. Frederick Paul Hill is the city of Dresden. Many romantic events in the life of Nourmahal, the famous wife of Jehanghired, which Moore has neglected in his 'Light of the Harem,' are recounted by Mr. S. W. G. Benjamin, with illustrations of Indian architecture and costumes of the period.

An excellent half-tone portrait of George Parsons Lathrop is the frontispiece of the June *Lippincott's*; and the novelette of the number, 'Gold of Pleasure,' is from his pen. The last instalment of 'Familiar Letters by Horace Greeley' includes several on his campaign for the Presidency, in 1872, and some examples of the begging letters which candidates are accustomed to receive. 'A By-way in Fiction,' by Agnes Repplier, is a laudatory but discriminating review of Mr. Henry B. Fuller's 'Chevalier of Pensier-Vani.' She, like many another reader of the book, would fain follow the Prorege of Arcopia to his blessed province after turning the last page. But should not every reader be able to find, or make, his or her own Arcopia once Mr. Fuller has shown them how? Mary E. Wilkins has, perhaps, not read the book at all, yet her grandfather Price and his grandson in 'Sonny' are distinctly Arcopian characters, and might be transported, dialect and all, to that bright but vague and shadowy region. Hester Richardson writes of the (Women's) 'College Settlement' in Rivington Street, New York, and its good work; Grace Peckham, M.D., says 'yes' to the question 'Is Alaska Worth Visiting?'; C. H. Herford describes the Thorwaldsen Museum in Copenhagen; and Lucy C. Lillie, the wedding and married life of Alexandra, Princess of Wales.

The famous performance of 'Tannhäuser,' in Paris, in 1861, is described by Edward H. House in *The New England Magazine* for June from a new point of view, that of a student of music who was on more or less friendly terms with members of Wagner's orchestra, chorus singers and critics. No attempt is made by him to palliate the conduct of the audience. A short biographical sketch of Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber ('Mrs. Partington'), by Elizabeth Akers Allen, has several portraits and a view of the humorist's residence in Chelsea. Many interesting letters of Prof. Morse and Alfred Vail, his partner, are given in Mr. Stephen Vail's 'Early Days of the First Telegraph Line,' which has, among other illustrations, a good pen-and-ink likeness of the young student who put his money and time into the work. 'The Message of Puritanism for this Time,' according to Mr. Edwin D. Mead, is to the effect that we should love justice as much as liberty 'if we would not have it written "All is over with America."' Some 'Harvard Memorial Poems,' by O. W. Holmes, J. R. Lowell and S. F. Smith, are given in fac-simile. The city of Lynn is well illustrated by pen drawings and half-tone phototypes; 'A Fair Exchange,' 'Gilead,' and 'The Giant Wistaria' are short stories; and there are poems by Dora Read Goodale and Philip Bourke Marston.

St. Nicholas, for June, has a 'Talk About Wild Flowers,' by John Burroughs, in which full justice is done to adder's-tongue and witch-hazel, cardinal-flower and toad-flax, loose-strife, turtle-head and jewel-weed. The humors of 'A City Play-Ground' on the sidewalk are described by Frank M. Chapman, and illustrated by C. T. Hill, who shows how a game of baseball may be brought to an untimely close by the 'cop'; how jack-stones are played in a doorway; and how 'shinny' may be made a danger to the shins of innocent passers-by as well as those of the players. The marvelous drawings which illustrate Mr. J. O. Davidson's Oriental ro-

mance, 'Chan O K,' make one certain, without perusing it, that the hero is All O. K. That this world is full of unsuspected mysteries is shown by Alice Wellington Rollins, who explains one of them, namely, 'Why Bees Make Honey,' and by Harlan H. Ballard, who throws light on the water-bug's shadow. 'The Second Kitten's Hunt,' and the free circus performance of Fanchon, the elephant, for the benefit of a colored baby, are possibly less veracious and certainly less mysterious matters, which are, nevertheless, worth reading about.

The Quarterly Register of Current History, published by the Evening News Association of Detroit, Mich., for the first quarter of 1891, contains not only an intelligently written summary of political affairs, home and foreign, and the more notable minor events, storms and floods, business and social disasters, but a short yet comprehensive 'Record of Progress' in science, literature, music and the drama. As English literature and French art are included as well as American, it is not easy to see where the 'progress' comes in, in these departments. Much space is given to the necrology of the period, with portraits of Bancroft, Kinglake, Barrett, and Gen. Joe Johnston. Many of the articles are specially illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches which do not lack cleverness.

The Illustrated American for May has a large number of very well printed phototypes of pictures in the Paris Salon, a portrait of the winner of the Brooklyn handicap, and one of Mr. William C. Whitney, who, the editor thinks, may possibly be winner of the next Presidential race. 'The Flight of the Itata' is illustrated after photographs. Napoleon, himself, is reckoned as the last of his Marshals in a series of illustrated articles, of which the fifteenth appears in this number. The 'Chess' and other minor departments are as interesting as usual.

Shakespeariana

Completion of the 'Griggs' Quarto Facsimiles.—In was the intention of the New Shakespeare Society of London to reprint such of the early quarto editions of separate plays of Shakespeare as are of special value to critical scholars; but the plan was given up when Dr. Furnivall, the founder of the Society, undertook to superintend the issue of a series of photo-lithographic facsimiles of these editions, to be executed by Mr. W. Griggs, whose long experience as photo-lithographer to the India Office was a guaranty of the accuracy of his work. The Duke of Devonshire, the Trustees of the British Museum, the Curators of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and other English possessors of original quartos generously allowed them to be photographed for this purpose. The series of forty-three volumes is now completed, and full sets may be obtained for the present at the very moderate price of 15*l.* or about \$75. For separate volumes one must pay 21*s.* each. As a considerable stock of the first eight volumes was destroyed by a fire in Mr. Griggs's printing office, only a limited number of sets can be made up, and separate copies of Nos. 2 ('Hamlet,' 1604) and 5 ('Love's Labour's Lost,' 1598) are not sold.

The introductions to the volumes by Dr. Furnivall, Prof. Dowden, Mr. P. A. Daniel, Mr. Arthur Symonds, and other eminent scholars and critics, add not a little to their interest and value.

Most of these quartos are not accessible to the great majority of students in any other form. Of the originals very few copies are extant—only one or two in some cases—and these are carefully treasured in public or private libraries where only the favored few can have the privilege of consulting them. The 'Bankside' edition, to which I have often referred in these columns, will reproduce twenty quartos of the plays printed before the publication of the folio of 1623. The 'Ashbee' facsimiles, brought out by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips at five guineas (about \$25) each, are now almost as rare as the originals. Only thirty copies of the series of forty-eight volumes were printed for subscribers, and the price of the set (252*l.*) was raised to 315*l.*, or more than \$1500, when the last volume was published. This series and the 'Griggs' have twenty-eight quartos in common. Among the plays included in the latter which are not in the former are half a dozen which, though not by Shakespeare, have important relations to plays of his that are based upon them; namely, 'The Taming of a Shrew' (1594), 'The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster' (1594), 'The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York' (1595), 'The Troublesome Reign of John' (1591), and 'The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth' (1598). These are of more value to the critical student than some of the later quartos included in the 'Ashbee' collection but omitted in the 'Griggs.'

Mr. Bernard Quaritch, 15 Piccadilly, London, is the publisher of the 'Griggs' series.

Variations in Copies of the Early Quartos and Folios.—Critics and commentators have often asserted that there was no proof-read-

ing by author or editor in Elizabethan times; but we have positive evidence to the contrary. At the end of Beeton's 'Will of Wit' (1599) we find this note:—'What faults are escaped in the printing, finde by discretion; and excuse the author, by other worke that let [that is, hindered] him from attendance to the presse.' The Shakespeare quartos and folios were often corrected while passing through the press. In the 'Griggs' series noticed above there are two reproductions of the 1597 quarto of 'Richard II.', one photographed from a copy belonging to Mr. Henry Huth, the other from the Duke of Devonshire's copy. These two copies of the same edition were found to vary so much from each other that it was decided to reprint both. A careful comparison of the originals with each other and with a third copy formerly belonging to Capell, the Shakespeare editor, proved that corrections were made while each sheet was being printed; and that the corrected and uncorrected sheets were mixed up in binding. Five sheets or 'signatures' appear to be the same in the three copies mentioned. Of the other sheets the first and fourth are corrected in the Huth copy, the second in the Devonshire copy, the third in both the Devonshire and the Huth, and the fifth (the ninth in the book) in the Devonshire and the Capell. It happens, however, that by far the larger number of corrections are in the Devonshire copy, most of them occurring in the second sheet. The following, for example, are all found on a single page (i. 2. 42-70):—

Where then alas may I complaine myself?
('alas' omitted in the other copies);
That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast
('butchers' in the others);
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight;
('emptines, hollownes' in the others);
And what heere there for welcome but my grones?
('what cheer,' in the others).

In i. 3. 136 (same sheet) the Devonshire copy has 'And grating shooke of wrathfull yron armes,' while the other two copies have 'harsh resounding armes,' due to an accidental repetition of the adjectives in the preceding line: 'With harsh resounding trumpets dreadful bray.' The care with which these corrections were made is shown by the fact that the printing of this sheet was stopped to change the spelling of a word by the insertion of a single letter; 'portcullist' being altered to 'portcullist' in i. 3. 167: 'Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes.'

The mistaken ingenuity with which palpable misprints in the early editions have often been defended by good critics is well illustrated by Malone's attempt to justify 'what cheer' in one of the lines quoted above in opposition to 'what hear,' which appears in the quartos of 1598, 1608, and 1615, and in the folios. Assuming that 'cheer' was the reading of the earliest edition, he said that the change to 'hear' showed 'at how very early a period the revisers of Shakespeare's pieces began to tamper with his text, under the notion of improving it, or of correcting imaginary errors of the press'—and so on through more than an entire page of comments. He says that 'the passage furnishes an evident proof of the value of first editions'; and so it does, particularly when their misprints are corrected while they are on the press, and we happen to get hold of a corrected copy.

That copies of the folio of 1623 vary here and there has long been known, and it was the intention of the Cambridge editors to note all such variations in their footnotes; but my attention has been recently called to an instance of the kind which escaped their scrutiny, and which, so far as I am aware, no editor or commentator has pointed out. It is in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' ii. 1. 201, where Staunton's photographic facsimile of the folio and Booth's reprint both read 'Women are made to beare, and so are you,' while the Chatto and Windus facsimile (photographic) and Paterson's reprint have 'beate' for 'beare.' That the latter is the corrected reading is evident from the context.

The volume of the revised Cambridge edition containing this play is not yet published.

The Lounger

THERE IS A good deal of common sense in a little article in *Printers' Ink*, by John Irving Romer, on 'Book Advertising.' Mr. Romer argues that books are badly advertised, whereas they should be better advertised than any other articles offered the public. 'A book advertisement,' says Mr. Romer, 'ought to aim to interest the reader in the subject-matter of the book, all of which is perfectly true. His suggestion for bringing about a better state of things is to have the author take 'as close an interest in the preparation of his advertisements—for the purpose of raising their standard to the highest point—as he now does in the preparation of the preface of his book or even the book itself.' I hardly think that I would like to know that Mr. Howells had taken to puffing

his own novels or that Mr. Lowell was writing laudatory notices of his own poems. I have known instances of authors doing this sort of thing, and no publisher or paid advertising agent would be capable of reeling off such fulsome praise of their own work as they did. I do think, however, that an author of a scientific or philosophical work might give a better synopsis of the contents of his book than the ordinary 'advertising man.'

THERE IS much to be learned yet in the manner of advertising books, no doubt. The best advertising of this sort that I can think of at this writing is in *The Atlantic Monthly's* bulletin of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s books. There you get a concise and temperate synopsis of the contents of the book and printed in such dignified type that you cannot fail to be impressed with the importance of the work under consideration. Publishers as a rule are conservative. They do not think that books should be advertised in such sensational ways, for example, as are patent soaps, and they are right. How, say, would Prof. Drummond feel should he take up a paper and read in its boldest type: 'GOOD MORNING! HAVE YOU READ "PAX VOBISCUM"? Or what would be the sensations of Mr. Howells on seeing a placard bearing the legend: "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES"! YOU BUY THE BOOK—HOWELLS DOES THE REST!'

MR. MAURICE THOMPSON is always an interesting writer though sometimes Quixotic. Never has he shown the unpractical side of his pen more clearly than in a recent article in *The Independent* on 'Urban Censorship.' In this article he sets forth his belief that editors edit too much. He says:—

Through the magazines and other journals the young writer must win his spurs, so to say. This would be delightful were it a free field: but the urban influence is procrustean in its exactions. The editor is in fact the only absolutely independent man in literature. He sits at his desk and practically writes all the stories, all the essays, all the poems and all the novels that have much chance for wide reading.

I do not mean to say that the editor has his favorites, or that he is insincere, or that he is pig-headed. He is merely the product of environment. He is an urban creature and cannot resist his own nature; the consequence is that all of our great magazines are as much alike as if they had been hatched in one nest from the same hen's eggs.

These editors reach out greedily for the manuscripts of provincial writers. They are honestly in search of fresh blood; but no sooner are the veins of rural genius opened to them than the stream is analyzed by the urban process and deprived of all its individual value before it is accepted.

'If you can only change this,' writes the editor, 'and modify that, and touch up the other part, we shall be glad to use your story.'

NOW WHAT does Mr. Thompson want? Would he have an unedited magazine? Does he believe 'rural genius' superior to the correcting influence of the blue pencil? Does he mean that the article, poem or story of the untrained writer should be put into type and printed in the leading magazines without editorial supervision? that the young writer should learn no lesson from the experience of the older writer? I cannot believe that Mr. Thompson would want to see a magazine published, I may not say edited, on this principle. Are the stories of Mr. Howells, Mr. Cable, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Wilkins, Rider Haggard, or Rudyard Kipling as 'much alike as if they had been hatched in one nest from the same hen's eggs'? If so I should like to get a score or more of that hen's eggs, for their variety is greater than if they were laid by as many different breeds. This remarkable article is brought to a close with the statement that 'America never will produce a truly great writer so long as every "budding genius" in the country is trained down to sleek mediocrity by editors who think they know more about authorship than do the authors themselves.' Here is the loop-hole through which Mr. Thompson can escape. No one will deny that if every 'budding genius' is trained down to 'sleek mediocrity' America will never produce a truly great writer. That is as true as that two and two make four.

I AM SORRY to see so brilliant and original a man as W. E. Henley condescending to imitate the old and silly manner of *The Saturday Review* in its attitude toward the United States. Surely he is not still angry with us because G. W. gave his country a trouncing a hundred or so years ago. Yet that would seem to be the case. I cannot think that a man of his mind is only seeking notoriety by cheap abuse of America and Americans. It does not hurt us, and it cannot interest the readers of *The National Observer*. England has long past the time when she enjoyed hearing Americans abused, and yet Mr. Henley never publishes a number of his *Observer* without going out of his way to attack the United States in that old-fashioned verdant style that was popular a quarter of a century and more ago. For instance, in an alleged review of the

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt's 'New York,' which Mr. Henley takes pains to spell 'Noo York' as though to crush us with a double o, he says:—

All that Noo York history has to show you is a plutocracy rejoicing in a disgusting parade of wealth which it is too barbarous to know how to enjoy: a seething hell-broth of Jaygouldism and Wallstreetism, in horrid union with a mongrel population unable to do aught save 'boss' the city and rob the ratepayers. 'Tis a community whose intense Americanism exemplifies the social and political vices of the rotten end of the nineteenth century. And that is all.

And is that really all? No, Mr. Henley, it is not all. Outside of this 'seething hell-broth' is a large, cultivated class who find the greatest pleasure in reading your 'Views and Reviews' and your 'Verses,' and who sincerely regret to see you so often assume the rôle of a common scold.

Benson J. Lossing

THE VETERAN historian, Benson J. Lossing, died at his home in Chestnut Ridge, N. Y., on June 3, at the age of 79. His illness was but of two or three days' duration, and the cause of death was valvular disease of the heart. He had been an industrious writer on historical subjects for over fifty years, and he won popularity by combining pictorial and attractive features with the historical narrative. Indeed he was first led into historical writing through his work as an engraver. In 1838 *The Family Magazine*, the first illustrated magazine in the country, was started, and Mr. Lossing was its editor and art director. His first historical venture was an outline history of fine arts published in 1841. It was followed by a history of the Revolution bearing the title 'Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six.' Dr. Lossing's best known book is probably 'The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution,' published in thirty illustrated numbers. Among his other publications may be mentioned 'The War for Independence,' 'The Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea,' 'The Life and Times of Philip Schuyler,' 'The Pictorial Field Book of the Civil War,' 'Life of Gen. Winfield Scott,' 'Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence,' 'Life of Washington,' 'History of England' for schools, 'Cyclopedia of United States History,' 'Two Spies: Nathan Hale and John André,' 'The Empire State: a Compendious History of the Commonwealth of New York,' as well as a number of minor papers in *Harper's Magazine*, the *London Art Journal*, and numerous other periodicals. In 1873 he received the degree of LL.D. from Michigan University.

The Author and his Publisher

MR. GLADSTONE in an article lately printed in the *New York Herald* gives clear and interesting expression to the broad and fundamental relations between author, publisher and public:—

'Books are, after all, a product of manufacturing industry; but, among manufactures, theirs is surely the most interesting, and the most peculiar, because it is based upon the reduction of a mental product to a material form, and what was originally intangible and ethereal, in this way, without losing its earlier character, comes to be embraced within the same category as a yard of calico or a bushel of wheat.

'But while these have no value except what is exhibited by their outward form, so that the independent producers of other bushels of wheat or yards of calico meet them in "the market" upon equal terms, the producer of the book exhibits to the world a double entity, one material, the other mental; and the author pleads that, as the material thing which we call a book is protected by the law against abstraction, so the thoughts contained in it and wrought by him into a structure more or less elaborate should in like manner be protected from reproduction. For reproduction, from his point of view, is theft. It is offering to the world, for such price as the world be willing to give, not only the paper and print which the producer has to buy and pay for, but the composition contained in them, which represents the time and labor, and, therefore, the food and raiment and lodging and all the lawful expenditure of the author.

'On this basis has been erected that curious formation which we call the law of copyright. The conditions of its birth and history have been checkered and abnormal; but the reasonableness of the proposition that mental toil, on taking literary form, should not be deprived of the remuneration enjoyed by bodily labor, has brought it out into the light of day, and so secured its acceptance.

'But the author, when he has obtained an acknowledgment of his right to protection, has not yet surmounted his difficulties. The grower of wheat and the manufacturer of calico produce articles complete in themselves, and only require certain manipulations before reaching the ultimate consumer. These processes are performed by a multitude of persons; and the function of the inter-

mediate distributors, being simple, is performed by large numbers of persons. But the author has given birth to a commodity which is perfectly unavailable for the purpose of yielding him support until he has contracted, as it were, a marriage with a capitalist who will agree to become joint partner of the book, giving it a body where the author has supplied the soul, and thus at length constituting it a marketable and productive commodity. The author cannot himself, as a rule, be the publisher, and publishers are extremely few, so few that, until a very recent date, they might be counted on the fingers. Practically, and as a general rule, the author in relation to his customer is nobody until his initial performance has been capped by the accession of the publisher. Better would be the position of a man who should offer for sale the stock and lock of a rifle without the barrel to complete.

Literature in the West

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I have read your article entitled 'Where is the Literature of the West?' with a good deal of interest. It is true that in the appreciation of literary effort there should be neither creed, nor color, nor clime. But the question arises, Is this sweet Gospel of Justice practised? Is not the literary 'set' frequently as exclusive—nay, more, as tyrannical as those who feel themselves chosen to serve at the altar of fashion and fine blood? No doubt the West being yet largely in a formative condition—its heart ever throbbing with the spirit of the divine petition, 'give us this day our daily bread,' the leisure of literature has not as yet to any great extent invaded its homes. Yet no one can say justly that there is no literature in the West. The State of Indiana alone has given our day one of its most popular American historians, John Clark Ridpath, our most widely-read author in fiction, Gen. Lew Wallace, and our best beloved poet, James Whitcomb Riley. What about Eugene Field of the *Chicago News*? Is he not at least the equal of the velvet-troubadours who sing madrigals and triplets 'neath the boudoirs (*sic*) of influential publishing-houses? The fact of the matter is literary success in this country to-day owes more to friendly fortune than it does to either industry or inspiration. I suppose the 'wild woolly West' must be content to peacefully pursue its purpose till it appoints its own heralds of the literary dawn—its own trumpeters. When it learns the wisdom of manufacturing its own thunder for the proclamation of its literary workers, then, and not till then, will it be credited with a literature.

DULUTH, MINN., May 28.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

American and British "Newspaper English"

[The Churchman]

THE extreme of literary scorn is directed against American newspaper English. We are naturally sensitive on that score, and chiefly because we are obliged to confess that American newspaper English is not always elegant. But neither is British newspaper English invariably elegant; and when one considers the condition on which newspaper English, whether British or American, is written, the marvel is not that it lacks some of the felicities of literary style, nor that it sometimes lacks verbal and grammatical correctness, but that, on the whole, it should be no worse than it is. Indeed, we are surprised to observe how good much of it is, and there is more than one American daily newspaper which gives us a pleasing surprise of that sort very often. Were it otherwise, there might be some difficulty in finding an unexceptionable model on the other side of the water; for in all England there are not more than half a dozen daily papers which, in the matter of English, could be rated above an equal number of American publications that might easily be named.

Outside of the daily press, English periodical literature is not always to be taken as a model. Here, for instance, is the April number of *The Westminster Review*, a monthly periodical in which George Eliot did once upon a time publish some excellent English.

As an example of what one might mildly call elephantine English, this, we think, would pass muster anywhere, and its author is an F.R.A.S. He says: 'That monogamy, and still more monogamy with permanent unions, favors best among civilized nations the welfare of society, of progeny and of parents is obvious, doubtless, to all my readers.' If weight and gravity were the same, that sentence would be heavy enough to ballast a whole quarterly!

If the following sentences had appeared in any respectable New York daily newspaper, we should tremble for the future of American English. All but one of them occur within little more than half a page of the Westminster's editorial discussions of current works on sociology:

'Anybody has a right to join together and make rules to be observed by themselves.'

'The discussion and definition of the word is the main object.'

'Hobbs and Montesquieu had each contributed their share.'

'Hobbs sought any means of philosophical exposition which would tend to consolidate authority in the hands it then resided.'

'It is as old as the Greek dramatist, Æschylus, who, in his famous trilogy on the life of Orestes, makes his hero expiate the crime of having slaughtered Clytemnestra in the third play of the series.'

We cannot say of the Westminster writer's composition, as he says of a preface to a certain book, that it is 'full of literary charm.' We refrain from applying to him the remark which he makes of Jeremy Bentham, that 'literary skill was not one of Bentham's accomplishments'; but is Westminster English of this sort so very much superior to American newspaper English?

American Spelling

[From a Letter to *The Tribune* by Walter Allen]

YOUR London correspondent, 'G. W. S.,' in a letter published in *The Tribune* of Sunday, May 3, makes some observations on the new 'Webster's International Dictionary,' the conclusion of which is that English criticism of its spelling of certain words, or classes of words, 'adds to the dislike with which the good American views such a work.' It was a Boston wit that said that good Americans when they die go to Paris. Perhaps very good Americans, the Elijahs of the race, are in a manner translated to London without dying.

According to your correspondent, the persons who are stirred to 'a fresh protest' by the appearance in England of the new dictionary are 'some of the critics who set a value upon English, pure and undefiled'; and he adds: 'It has never been thought here that English, as she is wrote and spelled by Noah Webster, answers to either definition. No more does it now, improved though the book has been by Dr. Porter's conscientious editing.' The familiar line,

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,

was written by Edmund Spenser, and if Chaucer's or Spenser's orthography is English undefiled, all England is now sinning in this respect as grievously as Dr. Webster or Dr. Porter. But whoever has acquaintance with the history of the English language knows that its orthography has been subject to frequent changes. It is not many years since conservative critics were as fastidious about preserving a final k in such words as *critick* and *musick* as they now are about spelling honour and favour and colour with a useless u.

'We hear,' says G. W. S., 'of American spelling. It is not American, it is Websterese.' What makes anything American? If acceptance, adoption, use by Americans generally, constitutes Americanism, there is hardly anything else so universally American as the orthography of Webster's Dictionary in its later editions, and it is also gaining acceptance in England. The vast majority, an overwhelming proportion, of the books and newspapers published in the United States conform substantially to the Websterian standards. More than 35,000,000 school-books conforming to this standard are published annually, and otherwise they could not be sold except in a few places. The assumption by 'G. W. S.' that Dr. W. D. Whitney, editor of 'The Century Dictionary,' adopted the 'Websterese' spelling in that work against his judgment, and for business reasons, 'The Century Company having committed itself to a propagation of these solecisms,' is an imputation upon that eminent philologist which, for impudence, is worthy a born British philistine; and his opinion that the adoption of this spelling will restrict its sale here is vastly amusing. He may be recommended to institute an inquiry into the comparative sales of Webster's Dictionary and the one which he more affects.

But it is when 'G. W. S.' supports his orthographical preferences by argument that he becomes most entertaining. For example, consider his remarks on the word 'traveler.' 'The Englishman dislikes to see "honour" spelled "honor" almost as much as he dislikes the greater and more intolerable barbarism of "traveler" for "traveller." He, or an American either, might naturally pronounce the former as if it were spelled "trayveler." Why? By what rule or principle of pronunciation would he "naturally" do so, unless he also pronounces travel "trayvel"? Perilous is spelled by all authorities with a single l; does anybody, therefore, pronounce it "peerilous"? Whatever good reasons there may be for doubling the l in traveler, the one given by 'G. W. S.' is certainly absurd. According to the analogy of other final letters in similar cases, it should not be doubled. In fact, the doubling of the letter is precisely what would suggest a change in the pronunciation of the first two syllables. It would more conform to the analogies of the language to pronounce traveller with the accent on the second syllable, which would naturally attract the v to that syllable, caus-

ing a lengthening of the *a* in the same way as proph-et becomes proph-et-ic. Most American authorities, Worcester included, discard the *u* from color, honor, and similar words. One 'Websterese' spelling which was regarded as particularly shocking was 'ax' instead of 'axe.' There is a note on this word in that ultimate English authority, 'The New English Dictionary,' published by the British Philological Association, which is commended to the attention of 'good Americans.' Having mentioned this work, it is pertinent to say that in the case of all the disputed *l* words it gives both forms, that with the double *l* first, being preferred, but without any stigmatizing of the other.

Dialect and Diction

[The Speaker]

AN ESSAY of some interest might be written on the use of dialect in fiction. Most English and American novelists use it, and some with very considerable effect. This in itself—as most people will agree—is a healthy sign; for it means that 'literary English' still draws on popular idiom for new vigor, and, therefore, is alive and growing. 'No language,' says Mr. Lowell, 'after it has faded into *diction*, none that cannot suck up the feeding juices secreted for it in the rich mother-earth of common folk, can bring forth a sound and lusty book. True vigor and heartiness of phrase do not pass from page to page, but from man to man. . . . There is death in the dictionary.' The last statement is a trifle too strong, for a man may do his writing a world of good by reading in the dictionary now and then. But on the whole Mr. Lowell seems right. It is a good thing, therefore, that an author should study and exercise himself in one or more dialects. But I am not quite so sure it is good for his readers: at any rate, he is apt to try his readers rather hard. Two men out of three dislike a page of dialect and not one woman in a thousand can abide it. A lady of much shrewdness and candor confessed to me the other day, that she simply could not read those of Scott's novels that contained it (that is to say almost all the best) though she delighted in the rest even to the fourth and fifth reading. This was rather astonishing, as I had supposed the faculty of understanding and enjoying Lowland Scots to be acquired by most people in the nursery. I use the term 'Lowland Scots' in a loose way, not rightly knowing to what extent Sir Walter is trustworthy in his use of dialect or whether he is tender of nice differences of local speech as he moves from one Lowland valley to another. Perhaps it would be better to say that I had supposed the dialect of Scott's best-beloved characters to come easily to every English child by inherited aptitude.

Current Criticism

PURE LITERATURE.—Literature, considered as a fine art, has a place apart. Some of the most eminent scientists of our time have preserved the advantage of a fascinating style and might have achieved distinction as men-of-letters. But a work on biology, the origin of species, or the development of political institutions, however beautifully written, would not be classed by a critic as a work of pure literature. Pure literature is one of the arts of expression. Its immediate business is not instruction, but portraiture. The literary man is an artist who attempts to reproduce, through the medium of a special form, the impression which has been made upon him by the spectacle of nature and human life. If he is a poet, he is restricted in expression to certain fixed musical measures. Whether this restriction will serve him wings or impede him with chains will depend upon his subject and his mood. It is possible to force the most prosaic matter to trot in the harness of Pegasus; but something in the gait will inevitably betray the absence of inspiration. It is true that Homer himself did nod at times, and it is certain that the facility of poetic genius is not equally distributed through all the hours of the day; but when a writer discovers that his numbers never come unbidden, he may be sure that he is not a favorite of the muse. We use the word genius without the fear before our eyes of those who deny the existence of the thing. There is no true poet, no true artist of any sort, who is not a genius—that is to say, he must have the faculty of adapting thought and feeling spontaneously to the proper poetic form. There is also such a thing as a genius for prose. M. Jordan, who was surprised and delighted to learn that he had been talking prose all his life without the slightest suspicion of the fact, may have congratulated himself too soon. A composition is not prose simply because it is not poetry. Prose, in the critical sense, is not inchoate or amorphous; it must have form, and arid statement must be transformed by style before it can justly claim the name of prose. Everybody knows what is meant by singing flat. The singer may keep time and follow the tune; but he will sing flat unless he has the right

pitch. Just so one may write flat. Style comprehends a certain elevation of tone, and without that there is no charm in composition. Many writers overleap the due bounds of art by taking too high a pitch, though this fault is less common than it used to be. Expression should be level with feeling, not above it. The sophomore can conceive of nothing finer than a display of pyrotechnical rhetoric, and he usually requires years to understand how there can be any distinction in that repose which marks the caste of the literary *Vere de Veres*. Matthew Arnold grieved the Boston people by calling attention to what he considered a fault in the prose of Mr. Emerson. He said that it lacked good texture; that while Emerson said beautiful things and profound things, there was no continuity of warp and woof in his work. That criticism was just, but Emerson wrote as he thought, and his style is the counterpart of his temperament. It is so good as it is that we would not have it otherwise. But all this goes to illustrate what we mean by form in prose, and to make good our assertion that prose is not known merely by the absence of poetic form. We intimated at the outset that literature, whether poetry or prose, has its own place in the realm of art, and we had reference to its subject-matter as well as to its form. What, then, is the subject-matter of pure literature? To quote from Matthew Arnold again, it is the criticism of life. The phrase is vague, but there is probably none more definite and accurate. The highest, completest criticism is attained by expression through representation. Science and philosophy deal with the ways and means and with the ends of nature and life. Literature is content with life and nature in themselves, depicts everything as it is, counting even dream and fancy as parts of the human lot; and this portraiture is in effect a silent judgment. The novelist may teach and moralize; but so far he is not an artist. We do not say that he should never teach or moralize; but he must always be careful to avoid an excess in that direction. Nor do we say that he should depict the whole of life and nature; for that would be to mar the beauty of his work.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THACKERAY THE HIGH PRIEST OF TRUTH.—You will not easily find a second Thackeray. How he can render with a few black lines and dots shades of expression so fine, so real—traits of character so minute, so subtle, so difficult to seize and fix, I cannot tell; I can only wonder and admire. Thackeray may not be a painter, but he is a wizard of a draughtsman; touched by his pencil, paper lives. All is true in Thackeray; if Truth were again a goddess, Thackeray should be her high priest. The more I read of his works the more certain I am that he stands alone; alone in his sagacity, alone in his truth, alone in his feeling (his feeling, though he makes no noise about it, is about the most genuine that ever lived in a printed page), alone in his power, alone in his simplicity, alone in his self-control. Thackeray is a Titan, so strong that he can afford to perform with calm the most Herculean feats; there is the charm and majesty of repose in his greatest efforts. He borrows nothing from fever; his is never the energy of delirium; his energy is sane energy, deliberate energy, thoughtful energy. The last number of 'Vanity Fair' proves this peculiarity. Forcible, exciting in its force, still more impressive than exciting; carrying on the interest of the narrative in a flow deep, full, resistless, it is still quiet—as quiet as reflection, as quiet as memory; and to me there are parts of it which sound as solemn as an oracle. Thackeray is never borne away by his own ardor, he has it under control; his genius obeys him—it is his servant, and works no fantastic changes at its own wild will; it must still achieve the task which reason and sense assign it, and none other. Thackeray is unique. I can say no more. I will say no less.—*Some Unpublished Letters of Charlotte Brontë, in Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE THRIFTY FRENCH WRITERS.—The French writer of the first rank has a good deal of the heavy father in his composition. Whatever he may be in his books, he is *bourgeois* at home, and rarely forgets that his first duty is to leave his family comfortably, not to say richly, provided for. His advantage it is to receive his gains as income and not as a series of windfalls. The English author receives 1000*l.* down for a novel, and perhaps 250*l.* for the serial rights, and there is the end of it. In France something quite different happens. The abundance of daily *feuilletons* causes sharp competition among newspapers for the successful man's first fruits, and he consequently obtains a much larger sum for his serial rights than is possible here. Then when the volume is published there is a large dividend every six months for a couple of years or so; after which there is always a steady sale which should mean a few thousand francs every year, since every copy sold means a coin for the author. Thus when a man has written half a dozen successful books under this system his income becomes very considerable. Every year he gets his *feuilleton* money, his thousand

or two from the first twelve months' sale of his new book, and the dribblets—very respectable dribblets when put together—from the old books. And every new success increases the demand for the old favorites. But, apart from the aid to thrift which is supplied by successive payments instead of one large cheque, the French man-of-letters is in himself much more thrifty than the Englishman. He not only saves money from his income, but, being a good man of business, he invests it well; and thus it is that we see in France what has hitherto never been seen elsewhere—an hereditary and wealthy aristocracy rising up founded solely upon the gains of literature.—*The St. James's Gazette*.

WRITING FOR MONEY.—'Consider,' says Mr. Besant. 'A man produces a book. This book is his masterpiece. Gush and convention say he must be profoundly indifferent to the thousands of pounds this book represents.' Gush and convention, we are bound to say, are little heeded. Authors, in spite of all their innocence, generally appreciate the value of their own work, and demand their price. Let us say that it does not seem to us they in any way deserve censure for this. Nor can we perceive the pernicious effects of writing for money. It is the fashion in some quarters to decry the literature of to day. It is said that in this unfortunate era we have no great writers and no great books. Positively this is true. But in popular literature at least we do 'very well indeed.'—*Publishers' Circular*.

'JOKAI, THE FATHER OF HUNGARIAN LITERATURE.'—Jokai is a national character,—a patriot; a man whose intense vitality fills us with amazement; a man whose incredible activity has found expression in every field; whose sympathies are broad, whose talents are exceptional, and whose limitations are chiefly attributable to his extraordinary versatility. Maurus Jokai was born in Komorn, in the year 1825. At the age of seventeen he published his first drama, which proved a success. At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, and in the same year published his first novel. At twenty-three he became, with Petöfi, the leader of young Hungary, was outlawed in 1848, condemned to death, and, while a fugitive, married Rosa Laborfalvi, the leading *tragedienne* of Hungary. In 1849 he published two volumes on the battle-fields of the revolution, and continued editing the *Elektépek* ('Life-Pictures'), a paper he had started in 1847. Between 1858 and 1881 he was at different times chief editor of the *Comet*, a comic political paper; chief editor of the patriotic daily, the *Hon*; and of the liberal government organ, the *Nemzet* ('Nation'). Ever since the restoration of the Hungarian Chamber he has occupied a seat on the national-liberal side of the House, and has been considered one of the readiest and most eloquent among Hungarian orators. His various writings,—political, dramatic, humorous, and historical,—his poems and novels, already reach the astounding total of three hundred volumes. He is called the father of the Hungarian drama and of modern Hungarian literature. Besides being a member of the National Academy, he belongs to innumerable literary, artistic, and scientific societies, was the collaborator of the late Crown Prince Rudolf in the great 'National History of Hungary,' and in his leisure moments he has successfully mastered the art of becoming a millionaire.—*John Heard, Jr., in Poet-lore*.

Notes

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have in press for immediate publication:—'Church and Creed,' containing three sermons by the Rev. R. Heber Newton, as follows:—I. 'Fold or Flock; or, Christianity, not Ecclesiasticism.' II. 'The Nicene Creed, a Charter of Freedom.' III. 'How to Read the Creed; or, The Principles of Creed Interpretation.' The first of these sermons was preached the Sunday after the remonstrance against the alleged uncanonical practices of Rev. W. S. Rainsford and Rev. R. Heber Newton in inviting non-Episcopal ministers to speak in their churches. The second, the Sunday after the appearance of the presentation of the author to the Bishop of New York as by current rumor charged with heresy. The third continues the consideration of the Nicene Creed.

—'Harry and Lucy' is the title of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's new novel of Boston life which is to appear serially in the *Boston Commonwealth*.

—Harry Edwards, the well-known actor and manager, died at his home in this city on Tuesday last at the age of sixty-seven. He was born in England but made his reputation in this country. Mr. Edwards was not only a painstaking and acceptable actor, but he was an enthusiastic entomologist and had made one of the best collections of butterflies in this country. He was President of the American Entomological Society and the author of several scientific books as well as books of travel.

—'The East Side House of New York City' was incorporated at Albany on Monday last, having for its objects the furnishing to its members and others facilities for social intercourse, literary, gymnastic, and athletic exercise and amusements, to maintain a library and reading-room, and to promote benevolence among its own members and others. The managers of the club must be members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and are, for the first year, Everett P. Wheeler, J. Van Vechten Alcott, John Brooks Leavitt, Richard H. Derby, John Sabine Smith, Edward R. Satterlee, and Joseph H. Sterling.

—The July number of the *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science will contain a translation into English of the Constitution of Mexico, by Prof. Bernard Moses of the University of California.

—A recent paragraph in the daily papers announced the fact that Mrs. Rives-Chanler was hard at work upon a new novel. *The Cosmopolitan Magazine* has secured it and placed it in the hands of an artist in Paris for illustration. It is announced that the first chapters will appear in the August number of *The Cosmopolitan*.

—The seventh volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia is announced by J. B. Lippincott Co. to appear on June 17. An unusual number of subjects of interest to Americans are incorporated in the work, which extends from Maltebrun to Pearson. Geographically there are exhaustive papers on, and excellent maps of, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Orleans, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, and Oregon. No less full are the articles on the Mormons and Negroes.

—Grant Allen's new novel, which received the prize in a London competition, 'What's Bred in the Bone,' will be issued soon by Benjamin R. Tucker of Boston. We hope it is somewhat less sensational than Mr. Allen's 'Great Taboo.'

—Miss Emilie S. Coles, the daughter of the late Dr. Abraham Coles, has received the following letter from Mr. Whittier:—

EMILIE S. COLES: DEAR FRIEND:—Illness has prevented me from writing some word expressing my sympathy with the many who mourn the death of a great and good man, who has left us a legacy of inestimable worth, some of the sweetest of Christian hymns. His 'All the Days' and his 'Ever With Thee' are immortal songs. It is better to have written them than the stateliest of epics. With him it is well.

Thy aged friend,

AMESBURY, Mass., June 3.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

—A new book issued in London, entitled 'I, Me and Him,' has for its chief idea that every man is composed of 'the personal ego—the man as he regards himself; the intrinsic ego—the man in his essential reality, and the simulated ego—the man as he exists in the estimation of friends and acquaintances.'

—'In France,' says *Harper's Bazar*, 'a fondness for cats is evidently not confined to old maids. Paul de Kock, Théophile Gautier, François Coppée, and Baudelaire are among some of the celebrated men who cherish pet cats, while Taine has composed a sonnet in honor of the beautiful Angora puss who is Renan's feline favorite.'

—*The Congregationalist* says:—'The Rev. Charles E. Stowe's biography of his mother, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of this city, was a success from the outset, we understand, but of late a new and very large demand for it has become evident, and it is selling rapidly. It is a remarkably well-written life of one of the most eminent and useful women of our century.'

—A large collection of Wilkie Collins's MSS. has just come under the hammer at Sotheby's. *The Pall Mall Gazette* says that in many cases the manuscripts include the author's first copy as well as his 'revise.' The list is too long to give here, but it includes 'Mr. Nightingale's Diary,' 'The Frozen Deep,' 'The Light-house,' 'The New Magdalen,' 'The Red Vial,' 'No Name,' 'The Evil Genius,' 'Armada' (Miss Gwilt), 'Man and Wife,' 'No Thoroughfare,' 'The Woman in White,' 'The Lady Calista,' 'Rank and Riches,' and 'The Moonstone.' In the same sale, and of equal interest, are Wilkie Collins's commonplace-books. These consist of 'Scraps, Notes and Ideas,' 'Suggestions from many Sources,' 'Ideas for Novels,' 'Ideas for Stories.' Other treasures in the sale are the original agreements between Charles Dickens and Bentley, in respect of which Bentley was to pay Charles Dickens 40*l.* a month for lending his name to the 'Miscellany' for two years, and the agreement between them for 'Barnaby Rudge.' Bentley was to pay Dickens 2000*l.* for the copyright; if the sale exceeded 10,000 copies a further sum of 1000*l.*; and if it went beyond 15,000 copies a final sum of 1000*l.*; so that it appears that Dickens received 4000*l.* for the copyright.

—The Rev. W. J. Dawson has discovered that Rudyard Kipling's 'grand-parents on both sides were Wesleyan ministers. Rudyard's father,' continues Mr. Dawson in *The Young Man*, 'is a man of great ability, who held an important position as art-director in India, and, of course, this explains the son's perfect knowledge of the technicalities of art. Years ago he was an artist in Pinder, Bourne & Co.'s, now Doulton's, works at Burslem. Near Burslem is a pretty village named Rudyard, of which the Kiplings were very fond, and it was from this circumstance that Rudyard Kipling received his first name. Mr. Kipling, senior, is at present decorating a ceiling for the Queen at Windsor, and has in preparation a book dealing with the picturesque life of India. Among his gifts is mimicry, and those who have heard him tell a Yorkshire story have been amazed at his perfect mastery of the dialect. Here, then, is a further explanation of that extraordinary mastery of dialect displayed in the stories of the son.'

—The scene of Rider Haggard's new story, 'Nada the Lily,' lies in Zululand. The tale will be 'syndicated' before being published in book form.

—Bret Harte's new story, 'A First Family of Tasajara,' will be published in six parts in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Mr. Harte, it is said, makes three times as much money out of the sale of his books in England as he gets from the United States.

—Of the late Joseph Roumanille, the originator of the Provençal Renaissance, who died at Avignon, France, on May 24th, Mr. Arthur Symons says in *The Athenæum*:—

The charm of Roumanille's work lies in its quaint and simple freshness, its delicious humor, its absence of literary artifice. His songs have the flavor of folk-songs, his tales the flavor of folk-tales. It is not literature that one reads, it is spoken words that one hears, it is the people singing at their work. Tales like 'Lou Curat de Cucugnan' ('Le Curé de Cucugnan,' well-known in Daudet's French version) and 'Lou Abat Tabuissoun' ('L'Abbé Tabuissoun') have the exquisite and perfectly pious reverence of the monkish legends of the Middle Ages, with little that betrays a modern origin. To those who knew the man it is enough to say that the work has all his own gaiety, all his own blithe force—a force and gaiety which remained unabated to the last. When I talked with him, a month ago, at his house in Avignon, I found it difficult to believe that he was really seventy-three. I should have found it still harder to think that in so short a time it would be my sad task to write these lines in his memory.

Mr. T. A. Janvier, who passed the summer of 1890 at Avignon, has written an appreciative and exhaustive paper on Roumanille, which appeared in *The Evening Post* of June 6th.

—In the annual report of the curators of the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, for the past year, it appears that 49,088 printed and manuscript items have been added to the Library. Of these 34,886 come under the copyright acts. The income of the Library (which just covers the expenditure) was 7986l.

—Mr. Sidney Colvin's edition of the 'Letters of Keats' is nearly ready for publication by Macmillan & Co.

—A Dublin dispatch in the *New York Times* reports William O'Brien, during his leisure moments in Galway Jail, to be writing a novel. The scene of the story is laid in the west of Ireland, and the period is the sixteenth century.

—A remarkable volume will soon be presented to the Harvard University Library. It contains manuscript copies of all the commencement programs of the college from 1780 to 1890, and specimens of the order of commencement exercises at intervals from the first graduation in 1642 to the Revolutionary War.

—Mr. G. O. Seilhamer announces the speedy publication of the third edition of his 'History of the American Theatre.' The next volume will follow 'as soon as fulness and accuracy will allow.'

—Mr. Theodore Watts has written for *The Fortnightly Review* an article called 'The Future of American Literature,' in which is discussed the question, 'What would have been the effect in regard to the creation of a national literature in America had her literary growths been protected and fostered in the plastic period of her history (i.e., immediately after the War of Independence) by a Copyright Act?'

—Ibsen has evinced his interest in the educational and social development of the fair sex by joining the Woman's Progressive Society of Munich as a Vice-President.

—An English exchange relates the following little story:—

The author of 'Vice Versa,' F. Anstey, published some years ago a short story called 'The Black Poodle,' which was translated into French and published with proper acknowledgment in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. A few weeks ago the author, in a Parisian book-shop, found a volume styled 'Le Caniche Noir,' dedicated 'by the author' to a lady of rank. It was 'The Black Poodle.' The scene was changed to France; the poodle's master was now an Italian, not a Frenchman.

Mr. Anstey then wrote a letter, in French, to the French author, signing not his own name, asking permission to render 'Le Caniche Noir' into English. The author answered in English that he did not think his book deserved the praises liberally heaped on it by Mr. Anstey. 'About your demand of adaptation, I am sorry to tell you that I am my own translator, and that the "Caniche Noir" exists in English already.'

—Countess Tolstoi, wife of Count L. N. Tolstoi, the author, recently made a successful business trip to St. Petersburg. She secured an audience with the Emperor, who was extremely amiable to her, and promised to protect her husband from all the annoyances to which the Committee of Censors has been subjecting him.

—Miss Mary Hawker is the name of 'Lanoe Falconer,' who wrote 'Mademoiselle Ixe.' She sent the first check from her publishers (\$50) to the editor of *Free Russia*.

—A letter of Goldsmith to Garrick, in which he says, 'I shall have a comedy for you in a season or two at the farthest, that I believe will be worth your acceptance,' endorsed by Garrick 'Goldsmith's parlayer,' sold recently at Christie's in London for 39 guineas.

—Mrs. Frances James, the widow of the prolific novelist, G. P. R. James, the inventor of the 'solitary horseman,' died at Eau Claire, Wis., on Tuesday last at the age of ninety. Her husband died in Venice on the same day of the month thirty-two years ago.

—Rand, McNally & Co. of Chicago will issue shortly in their Rialto Series a new book by Fortune Du Boisgobey, entitled 'Fontenay the Swordsman.' It is a military novel dealing with Napoleon's campaigns in Spain.

—The Baroness von Teuffel, better known to Americans as Blanche Willis Howard, is reported to be singularly happy in her married life. Her husband is very proud of her literary gifts, and encourages her in her work. They are at present living at Stuttgart.

—In a recent London sale was a letter from Carlyle on a lecture by Emerson that had been sent him, in which he says:—

Thanks for your gift of Emerson's lecture. Mr. Ballantyne had already sent me two copies; that was my first sight of the performance. It is an excellent discourse, greatly wanted on both sides of the Atlantic, and cannot be too widely circulated. Probably you are not aware that in New England a certain set of persons, grounding themselves on these ideas of Emerson's, are already about renouncing this miserable humbug of a world altogether, and retiring into the rural wilderness; to live there exclusively upon vegetables raised by their own digging. Three hours' daily work they say will produce a man sufficient vegetables, and he can live there according to his own mind, leaving the world to live according to its. An American was here lately, as an express missionary of all that, working for recruits, for proselytes; naturally finding none. I was obliged to express my total, deep, irreclaimable dissent from the whole vegetable concern, not without great offense to the missionary, and that, perhaps, is the reason why he sent me no American copy of this lecture. Emerson does not yet go into vegetables, into rural hermitship; and we hope never will.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Allen, Memorial of Joseph and Lucy Clark.	\$1.50	Boston.
Ames, F. American Leaf at Whist.	50c	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Bean, F. Pudney and Walp.	50c	J. W. Lovell Co.
Carus, P. Fundamental Problems.	\$1.50	Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Castle, E. Consequences.	\$1	D. Appleton & Co.
Clark, H. T. Verses.	50c	J. B. Lippincott Co.
Cowell's Time Chart of the World.	50c	Ypsilanti, Mich.: Time Chart Pub. Co.
Cusack, M. F. What Rome Teaches.	\$1.95	Baker & Taylor Co.
Delpit, A. His Two Loves.	50c	St. Paul, Minn.: Price-McGill Pub. Co.
Duncan, S. J. An American Girl in London.	50c	Rand, McNally & Co.
Dunstan, C. Quits.	50c	J. B. Lippincott Co.
Eccles, R. G. Evolution of Chemistry.	50c	D. Appleton & Co.
Falconer, L. Mademoiselle Ixe.	50c	Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co.
Frazer, P. Tables for the Determination of Minerals.	80c	J. B. Lippincott Co.
Grandgent, C. H. Materials for French Composition.	15c	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Hall, E. J. Masters and Men.	50c	Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co.
Hardy, T. A Group of Noble Dames.	50c	Harper & Bros.
Hawes, H. R. The Broad Church.	50c	U. S. Book Co.
Hitchcock, T. Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius.	50c	Harper & Bros.
Janvier, T. A. Color Studies, and a Mexican Campaign.	50c	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Lamb, C. Essays. Selected and annotated by E. D. Hanscom.	\$1.50	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Lorne, Marquis of. From Shadow to Sunlight.	50c	D. Appleton & Co.
Miller, F. M. Science of Language. 2 vols.	\$6	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Page, T. N. On Newfoundland River.	50c	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Pierce, S. L. Di.	\$1.25	J. B. Lippincott Co.
Praed, C. The Soul of Countess Adrian.	50c	U. S. Book Co.
Prime, W. C. I Go A-Fishing.	50c	Harper & Bros.
Ridgeway, A. Diana Fontaine.	50c	J. B. Lippincott Co.
Russell, H. Yawning.	50c	U. S. Book Co.
Sauveur, L. Causeries Avec Mes Elèves.	50c	F. W. Christern.
Seidmore, E. R. Jirankisha Days.	50c	Harper & Bros.
Smythe, A. E. S. Poems. Grave and Gay.	50c	Toronto, Can.: Imlie & Graham.
Wiggins, K. D. Relation of the Kindergarten to the Public School.	50c	S. Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.
Wilson, G. H. Musical Year-Book. Vol. VIII.	\$1	135 Tremont St., Boston.
Winter, J. S. Good-Bye.	50c	U. S. Book Co.

Exhaustion

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

The phosphates of the system are consumed with every effort, and exhaustion usually indicates a lack of supply. The Acid Phosphate supplies the phosphates, thereby relieving exhaustion, and increasing the capacity for labor. Pleasant to the taste.

Dr. A. N. KROUT, Van Wert, O., says:
"Decidedly beneficial in nervous exhaustion."

Dr. S. T. NEWMAN, St. Louis, Mo., says:
"A remedy of great service in many forms of exhaustion."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

CAUTION:—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is printed on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.

A Remington Standard Typewriter



will
economize time
reduce labor,
preserve health
save money,
prevent errors.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Wyckoff, Seaman & Benedict,
327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



**BANK & OFFICE
FITTINGS.**
Fine Brass Work.
SPECIAL DESIGNSON
APPLICATION.
A. H. Andrews & Co.
795 Wabash Av.,
Chicago.
Andrews Mfg Co.
76 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania, Lititz.
LINDEN HALL SEMINARY.—A School for Girls and Young Ladies, at Lititz, Lancaster Co., Pa. 97th year. A safe, comfortable school home; thorough methods; careful oversight of the individual pupil; advanced Courses of Study; very pleasant location; steam heated; \$250 per year.

Pennsylvania, Chambersburg.
WILSON COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN. Fifty miles southwest of Harrisburg in famous Cumberland Valley. From Baltimore four hours, Philadelphia five, New York seven, Pittsburg nine. Six trains daily. Border climate, avoiding bleak north. \$50 per year for board, room, etc., and all College Studies except Music and Art. Large Music College and Art School. Music Department, this year, 144, independent of free classes. Full Faculty. College Course B.A. degree. Music College B.M. Handsome park, large buildings, steam heat, gymnasium, observatory, laboratory, etc. Annex No. 2 finished Sept. 1, 1890, with 40 new rooms.

Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 4313 and 4315 Walnut St.
A THOROUGH FRENCH AND ENGLISH HOME SCHOOL FOR TWENTY GIRLS. Under the charge of Mme. Henrietta Clerc and Miss Marion L. Pecke. French warranted to be spoken in two years. Terms, \$300 a year. Address Mme. H. CLERC.

Pennsylvania, Williamsport.
HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Seventh year. Terms \$400. Re-opens Sept. 17th. Address Miss MARIE HOLMES BISHOP for catalogue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIERCE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,
COLLEGE CITY, CALIFORNIA.

A First-Class School for Ladies and Gentleman. Able Faculty; Temperance Town; Pleasant Climate, Healthy Location; Reasonable Terms; Several Courses and Degrees. Address, J. C. KEITH, Pres.

Massachusetts, Amherst.
SUMMER SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES, Art, Science, Literature, Physical Training, and Library Economy. Fifteenth Session at AMHERST COLLEGE, July 7, to August 10, 1891. Special Advantages. For programme, Address PROF. W. L. MONTAGUE.

New Jersey, New Brunswick, 66 Bayard St.
THE MISSES ANABLE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN. One hour from New York. Resident Native French and German teachers. Terms \$500.

Connecticut, Simsbury.
MAC LEAN SEMINARY. YOUNG LADIES. Location accessible, attractive, healthful. College preparatory, and special courses. Address, REV. J. B. MACLEAN.

Massachusetts, Worcester.
JOHAN W. DALZELL'S PRIVATE HOME SCHOOL for Boys, 66 West St.—Prepares for Harvard, etc. Send for Catalogue.

New Jersey, Blair's own.
BLAIR PRESBYTERIAL ACADEMY. BOTH Sexes. John I. Blair Foundation. English, Latin, Greek, French, German, Music, Drawing, Painting, and Physical Culture. New Building, large endowment, low rates. J. H. SHUMAKER, Prin.

ST. HILDA'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY. Twelfth year begins Sept. 22th. Terms, \$250. Thorough instruction. Careful training. Summer Session, \$60. Address for circulars, SISTER SUPERIOR.

Baltimore, Maryland: 403 N. Exeter St.
THE BALTIMORE MEDICAL COLLEGE. Regular Winter course begins October 1st, 1891. Send for catalogue, and address DAVID STREETT, M.D., Dean.

Cincinnati, Ohio: Lawrence and Third Sts.
BARTHOLOMEW ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL HOME AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. For sixteenth annual catalogue, address G. K. BARTHOLOMEW, Ph.D.

LE FRANCAIS.

French Monthly Magazine. An invaluable help to French students and teachers. Free sample copy. Address BERLITZ & CO., W. Madison Sq., New York.

Freehold, New Jersey.
THE YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY ADMITS to Smith, Wellesley, and Vassar, on certificate. Graduates from the Seminary Course. Preparatory Class Art and Music. Home care. Miss EUNICE D. SEWALL, Principal.

New London, Conn.
DELICATE AND BACKWARD BOYS. THIS School, for TEN such boys, is open all the year round. Delightful summer and winter home. Careful physical and mental training by an experienced physician and teacher. DR. A. N. WILLIAMSON.



SHORT HOME-FREE. Only one student in each town given this privilege. **WRITE NEW RAPID** College of SHORTHAND. BUFFALO, N.Y. Send stamp for full particulars.



HIRES ROOT BEER THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK.

Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling, and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. A beautiful picture book and cards sent free to any one addressing THE C. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia.

10,000 SUBSCRIBERS WANTED FOR "L'ETUDE." A monthly paper of eight pages, to enable any one to read, write, translate and speak French in a short time. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. MME. H. V. F. CLERC, 4315 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa



from which the excess of oil has been removed, Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

MEMORIAL + TABLETS

of any description erected in Schools, Colleges, Libraries, Chapels, Churches and Public Buildings. Send for illustrated hand-book.

J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine St., N. Y.

IMPAIRED VITALITY

Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites,

PREPARED ACCORDING TO PROF. PERCY'S FORMULA,

Is the original, and only preparation of the Hypophosphites from animal and vegetable tissue, acknowledged by scientists the most powerful restorer of the vital forces.

Especially recommended for Brain Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Impaired Vitality, in Convalescence, Bronchitis, and as a preventive of Consumption.

It sustains in vigor, mental and physical powers, prevents Nervous Disease.

Pamphlet with testimonials from leading physicians, free. For Sale, by Druggists. Sent by mail, \$1.00.

None Genuine without the signature F. Crosby Co. printed on the label.

F. Crosby Co.

56 WEST 25TH ST., N. Y.

Wedding Gifts.

Beautifully painted Table Porcelain and Glass, Clocks, Bronze and Marble Statuary, etc.

Ovington Brothers,

Above } 330 } Near
32d. } FIFTH AVENUE. } 33d.

BROOKLYN HOUSE, Fulton and Clark Sts.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS.

WILLIAM DOXEY,
IMPORTER OF RARE, CURIOUS AND STANDARD BOOKS.

BEST EDITIONS IN FINE BINDINGS A SPECIALTY.
Send for Catalogue.

631 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO,
Under Palace Hotel.

STANDARD BOOKS IN FINE BINDINGS
MY SPECIALTY.

HENRY MILLER,

BOOKSELLER AND IMPORTER,
65 NASSAU STREET,
Bet. John and Maiden Lane, New York.

Now ready a limited *de luxe* edition of
SHAKESPEARE'S

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

With an introduction by W. J. Rolfe, and etchings
by PAUL AVRIL.

Address, DUPRAT & CO., Publishers,
340 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.

STANDARD AND RARE BOOKS.

Orders for new or old books promptly attended to.
Books purchased for cash. Catalogues issued.
E. W. JOHNSON, 1336 Broadway, N. Y.

Catalogue 32 ready. A. S. CLARK, Bookseller, 34
PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

If you want back numbers of any Magazine or Review, write to H. WILLIAMS, 195 West 10th Street, N. Y. ST. NICHOLAS a specialty.

RARE

BOOKS.

JUST PUBLISHED.
A fine, 80 page, large type Catalogue of Rare Books comprising many relating to *ANGLING, LONDON, THE DRAMA, and SHAKESPEARIAN*. Sent for postage—four cents. **WILLIAM EVARTS BENJAMIN**, 71 Broadway, New York. Catalogue of Autograph Letters, nearly ready.

DICTATION LITERARY TECHNICAL

at Office or Residence.
BRONN & BRONN,
Stenographers, JUDGE BUILDING, 120 Fifth Ave.

EDUCATIONAL.

Professors Wanted

For the following positions:—2 of Chemistry, \$1,500 and \$2,000; 2 of Physics, \$1,500 each; 3 of Mathematics, \$700 to \$1,800; 2 of Geology, \$500 to \$1,500; 3 of Latin, \$200 to \$1,400; 1 of English, \$1,800; 7 music directors, \$200 to \$1,500; 5 native teachers (ladies) of French for Eastern Academies, \$500 to \$700.

Address, C. J. ALBERT,
Elmhurst, Ill.

THE NATIONAL TEACHERS' BUREAU
Supplies Colleges, Schools and Academies with first-class Instructors for all grades of work. Careful attention will be given to all inquiries. Address

HAROLD C. COOK, Manager,
100 Bible House, New York.

Far and Near.

Published Monthly in the Interest of
Working Girls' Societies.

(ESTABLISHED NOVEMBER, 1890.)

10 Cents a Copy. \$1 a Year.

The June number contains:

EDITORIAL NOTES—PROPORTION.

"HINTS FOR WOMEN SPEAKERS,"
by O. M. E. ROWE.

"OUR GOVERNMENT: THE CABINET
and the DEPARTMENTS," by LUCY ADAMS
BARROWS.

"THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF
WOMEN'S CLUBS," by CHARLOTTE
EMERSON BROWN.

"A PRACTICAL LESSON FROM A
ROMAN EMPEROR," by AUGUSTUS
HOPPIN.

"THE VERY BEST ONE CAN."
"A MODEL FACTORY," by CAROLINE B.
ALEXANDER.

"A JUNE SONG" (Poem), by LUCY A.
WARNER (Help Each Other Club).

"THE LEGEND OF THE EYE-
BRIGHTS," by ELSIE JOY.

"HOUSEKEEPING FOR TWO" (Chap.
VII.), by ANNA BARROWS.

"SUMMER" (Poem), by ABIGAIL SMITH.

"THE ENTHUSIASTIC CLUB MEM-
BER" (Play), by ESTHER NYSKENTK.
(Friendly Club).

"ECONOMY."
"EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL
OF A CLUB MEMBER," by JANET
MURRAY (Mt. Pleasant Club).

THE WORLD'S EVENTS. THOUGHTS
FROM CLUB MEMBERS. HOUSE-
HOLD CORNER. FASHION DEPART-
MENT. BOOKS, OLD AND NEW
CLUB NOTES.

THE CRITIC CO.,

52 LAFAYETTE PLACE, New York.

RAILROADS, ETC.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL,

Styled by the Press of Two
Continents,

"AMERICA'S
GREATEST RAILROAD."

All Trains arrive at and depart from

Grand Central Station,

Fourth Avenue and 42d St., New York.

NORWICH LINE

for Boston. All points North and East. Direct route to New London, Norwich, and Worcester. Steamers leave Pier 40 (old number) North River, (next pier above Desbrosses St. Ferry,) daily, Sundays excepted, at 5:30 P.M. Tickets and staterooms secured at 5, 47, 61, 321, 347, 353, 397, 717, 957, and 1,225 Broadway. In Brooklyn: 4 Court St. and 331 Fulton. Offices Westcott's Express, Pier 40 North River, and on steamers. Westcott's Express will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.
G. W. BRADY, Agent.

HOTELS.

BOSTON, U. S. A.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

AMERICAN PLAN,

Opposite Trinity (Phillips Brooks) Church

THE VICTORIA,

EUROPEAN PLAN,

Opposite New Old South and Art Club,
BARNES & DUNKLEE, - PROPRIETORS.

ST. DENIS HOTEL.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

BROADWAY AND 11TH ST., OP. GRACE CHURCH, N. Y.
Enlarged by a new and handsome addition with all the latest improvements. Refitted and redecorated. In connection with the Hotel is

Taylor's Restaurant and Cafe

To which has been added a large and new Dining-Room, one of the handsomest in the City. Especially adapted for luncheon and dinner parties. Within ten minutes of every place of amusement.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Pequot House,

NEW LONDON, CONN.

Also, a number of desirable *Furnished Cottages*. For rooms and information apply to
JOHN CHATFIELD.

Cavanagh, Sandford & Co.,

Merchant

Tailors and Importers,

16 West 23d Street,

Opposite Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y.

All the latest London fabrics regularly imported. Ladies Cloth Suits, Top Coats, Riding Habits, etc.

Frederick Koehler, GENTS FASHIONABLE CUSTOM BOOTS & SHOES,

No. 10 ASTOR PLACE,

6th door from Broadway, New York.